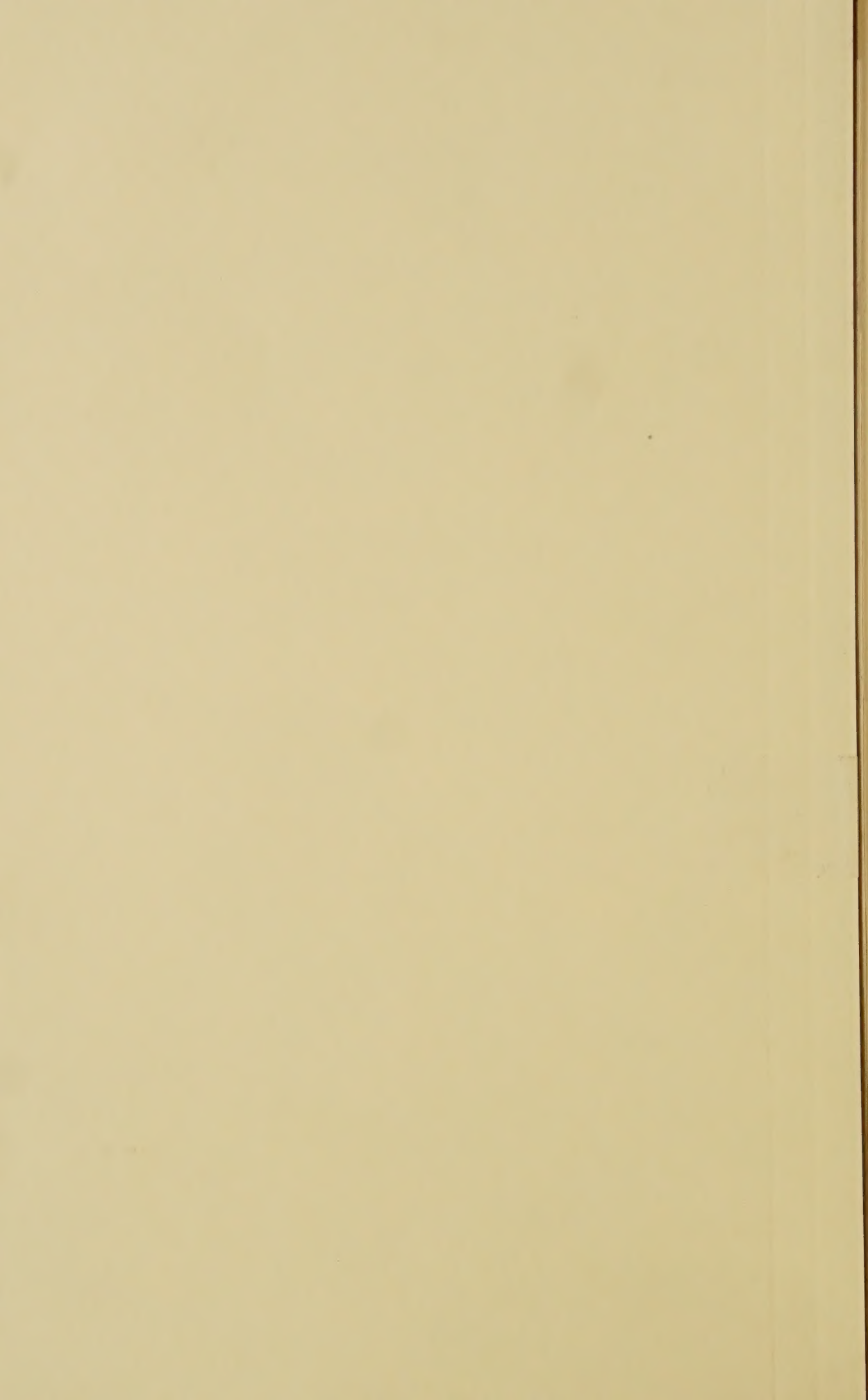


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JUNE, 1882.

JUNE, REGAL QUEEN of summer, comes to us in this climate redolent with the perfume and brilliant with the hues of a thousand flowers, and attended by multitudes of birds that fill the air with their melodies. Air, earth and waters are thronged with creatures rejoicing in life. At this season above all others our sensible kinship with nature is strongest. The expanding verdure in its freshness, the wonderful activity of vegetation as it meets our eyes day by day, the songs of birds, the gambols and frolics of the animals, the gleesome movements of the finny creatures, and the buzz and flutter of innumerable insect wings, all meet within us with responsive joy of the consciousness of existence. If idleness may be indulged, one may not be blamed for an hour, now and then, in this first summer month, taken for sweet and pure communion with nature; in field and grove, in the deep wild-wood, beside the murmuring stream, or in view of the sea's wide expanse, everywhere, one, to whose ear the voice of nature is familiar, and whose heart is receptive of her teachings, may hear lessons more impressive than those of surpliced priest, and music sweeter and more sublime than that of organ and full-voiced choir.

How awakens now the memory to the songs of those nature-bards in our own dear mother-tongue, MILTON, and Cow-

PER, and THOMPSON, and WORDSWORTH, and BRYANT, and others long since enshrined in our hearts, and, also, sadly may their names be mentioned who have just left us, LONGFELLOW, and EMERSON, peace to their ashes!

But let us rejoice with rejoicing nature, and, guided by her, as children by a mother, we shall be led in life's safest paths.

Our gardens, now so full of beauty and promise, are viewed with enjoyment and hope. Roses and Lilies and other humbler flowers assure us of the satisfaction that will follow all our worthy efforts. We may have our trials in the garden and our disappointments, but if we love the plants our enjoyment will come day by day; even should some unexpected disaster destroy much of our work, ruining many plants, still what is left will be the more highly prized. The heat, the drought, the insects, and possibly the frost, may try our patience and our courage, but if we shall stand the tests in such times of trial we shall succeed. We have yet to bring forward to perfection the later-blooming plants and to plant some of the later crops of vegetables. Every department of the garden now demands attention. The vines and the orchards, the flower-borders and beds, the lawn and the shrubbery, the vegetables and the border of herbs need our daily



visit, and our watchful care. With honest effort and intelligent skill we may hope for full pleasures and fair profits for all the time spent in the garden.

One of the most important qualifica-

month and next sowings may be made of various kinds of annuals that will give their blooms at Christmas and after. The house plants that are to be preserved can now be removed to the garden border, and there be planted out, or those that will be best so treated, plunged beneath the surface of the soil while remaining in the pots. Some of these may be better suited with a very little shade, others will be stronger for a full exposure to the sunlight. With very few exceptions the house-plants should go to the open ground for the summer. Many of our readers have become satisfied that their arrangements for window-plants are not as good as they might be, and have determined upon change of some kind with a view to improvement. It is surprising to any one, when the facts are first known, that so great a diversity of character should exist in windows and rooms in regard to their adaptation to plant growth.

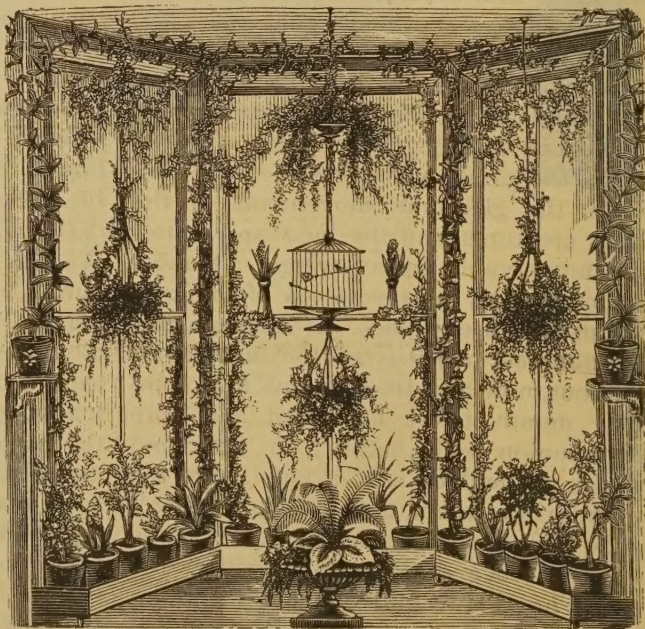
tions for good gardening, as for most other affairs of life, is foresight. A good view ahead, with proper preparations for coming events, almost insures successful issue. For the next day particular details need to be scanned, and arrangements made for what may be peculiar circumstances; for the coming week and succeeding month wider scope must be given; so, also, for several months and the following season decisions must be reached and plans made now. The cultivator of the soil must look at least a year and often several years ahead. This is one of the imperious demands of nature, and even the lady who cultivates only some house plants cannot escape it; with all else that is now exacting attention, some thought must be given to those plants that are expected to brighten our rooms in the cold season. Now we can propagate many kinds of soft-wooded plants, and make

sowings of seeds of some of those that will come to perfection in winter. The Chinese Primrose and the Cineraria may yet be taken in hand, and during this

Almost every window has an individuality of its own with peculiar features that makes it more or less suitable for this or that kind of plants, and the peculiarities are to be known only after trial



THE GARDEN AT THE WINDOW.



THE BAY-WINDOW GARDEN.

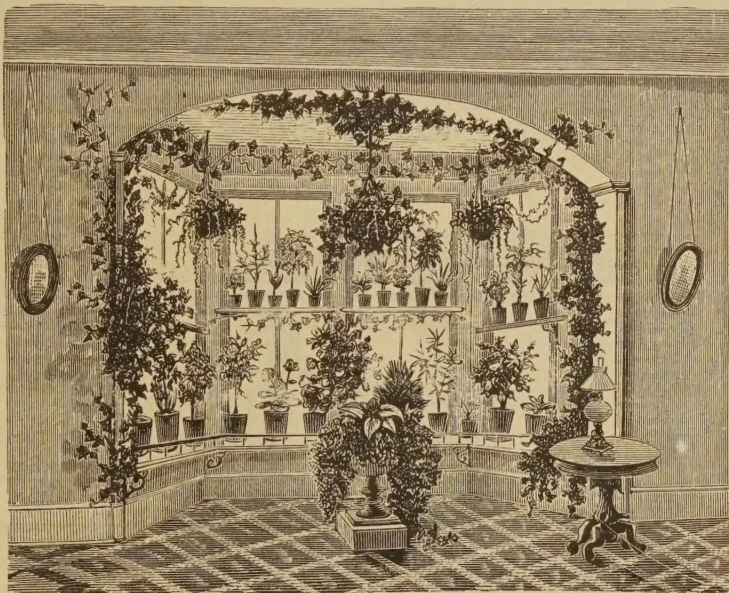
and more or less experience. Plants are sometimes seen to flourish remarkably in some shop window, or some poor dwelling, or elsewhere that one would least



expect them to thrive, while often in well-appointed residences constantly heated they fail to satisfy a reasonable expectation. Evidently in the one case they find suitable conditions for their development and fail of it in the other.

The fumes of coal-gas, dry air, and dust, all of which are often combined in some living-rooms, are detrimental to the health of plants. The illustrations here presented are all taken from photographs, and consequently represent actual places. They present a gradation from the simple window-stand to an enclosed window conservatory. We have seen this past winter plants at the window at the end of a room that were as fine as one could hope for, but often this is not the case, neither does the fault appear to be in the care they receive. A recessed bay-window is, of itself, a decided advantage over a window in a straight wall, for a place is there provided for the plants where they may remain without being considered in the

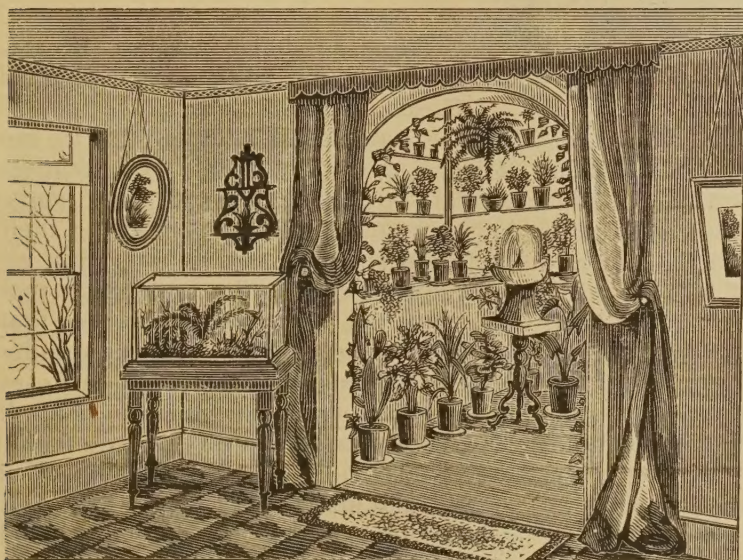
illustrations shows curtains for enclosing the window, while the last one is supplied with sash doors. The latter method is better than that of the curtains, although the appearance in the room may not be



BAY-WINDOW WITH ARCH.

so graceful; but this defect is partly met by the sight of the plants through the glass, and by the use of light drapery of lace one may exercise even exquisite taste in the furnishing. One may secure results in the enclosed window space that

are impossible in the open room, and a window of this description, though heated only in connection with the adjoining room, may do excellent service, not merely as a conservatory where plants may be kept during their blooming season, but as a place for the growth of some kinds of plants in their different stages. During the next three months any desired window improvements can be made, and not be left until occupancy is demanded. When plants are removed from the



WINDOW GARDEN WITH ARCH AND CURTAINS.

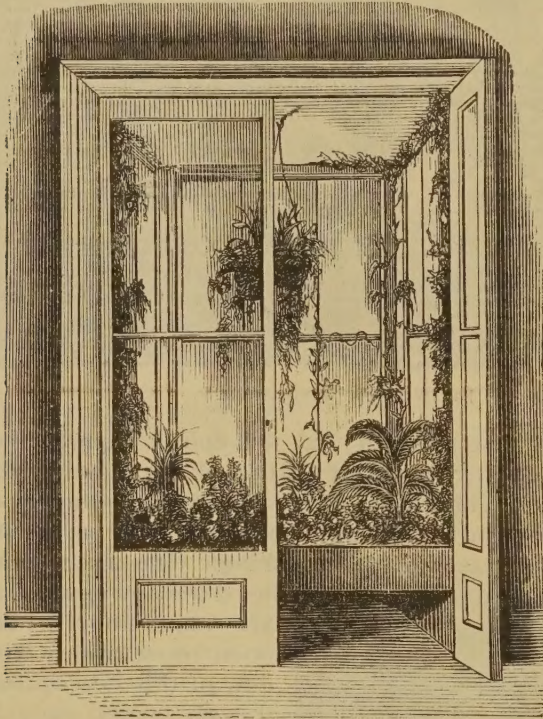
way. The next improvement to make is to enclose the window space, so that the air and the temperature may be regulated independently of the room. One of the

garden to the house it is often the case that their fate is sealed in the first few weeks at the most after removal, sometimes in a few days. They then require



peculiar treatment, and their wants must be met or they will suffer for the neglect.

These suggestions may be useful to some who may read them merely as incentives of thought and action, while details will be arranged for individual cases as desired. But the plant-grower or the gardener may take as his motto the old saying that "What is worth doing is worth doing well." A plant for ornament cannot be too ornamental and cannot be too well grown, it may be hideous, as



WINDOW GARDEN WITH GLASS DOORS.

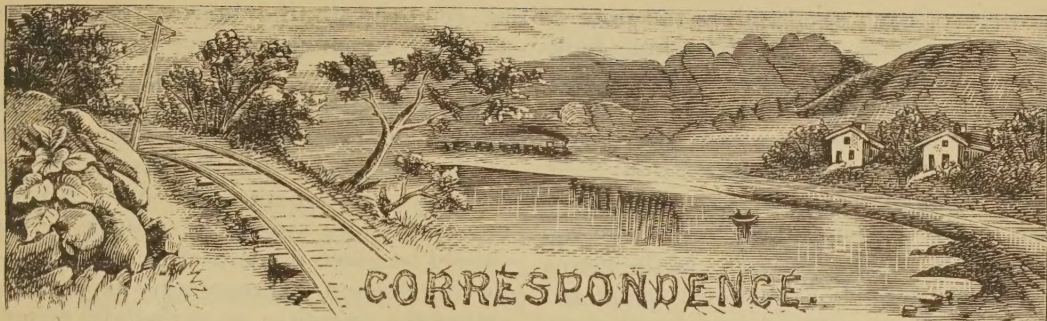
plants often are, by neglect. A succulent fruit or a garden vegetable cannot be too good to eat—they are often worthless, or even worse, for want of timely care and labor. But to the genuine plant-lover care for his plants is pleasure, and labor for them is a pastime. Poorly grown plants of any kind are the most extravagant. What can be more expensive than to make the first or principal preparation for a garden and then to neglect those minor operations which are so necessary to success? So, too, the purchase of plants and the care of them for months while they become weak and diseased and are a prey to insects, is anything but a profitable or pleasureable investment. On whatever extent we undertake to cultivate plants we should aim to produce the best.

## GROUP OF MONTHLY ROSES.

The colored plate in this number presents some Roses that contrast strongly in color and somewhat in form. The pale yellow, half-opened bud is *Cornelia Cook*, a Tea that has acquired the reputation of being one of the most beautiful, and at the same time one of the most desirable for pot-culture for winter-blooming. It is the finest in its half-opened condition as here shown. The three open specimens are all Bourbons. The full, dark-colored one is *Queen of Bedders*, and its name is expressive of its extreme value, as it is one of the best for pegging down, yielding its blooms in great profusion. The pink variety is *Hermosa*, and its beauty may be judged by the plate, which is a very fair representation of it. It is one of the hardiest of the monthlies, standing out with us comparatively uninjured every winter. The ends of the shoots kill back a little, but not enough to do any harm. All the varieties of this group may be wintered out in this part of the country with only slight protection. At the base of the group is a popular old sort one never tires of seeing, *Souvenir de la Malmaison*; it is valuable for winter-blooming, and all of them are among the very best for bedding.

There is much interest in this country now in the cultivation of Roses, and especially in the monthlies, and we are confident that we are doing a service to those of our readers who are not acquainted with these sorts, in representing them, and noticing their particular qualities and values. Still we hope not to convey the impression that there are not many other varieties that will rank equally high as those now under notice. In the cultivation of these Roses the soil cannot well be made too rich. If Roses are allowed to starve or grow feebly they are far more liable to the attacks of mildew and insects, and if attacked their destruction is swifter and surer. A good coating of well-rotted stable-manure can be given in the fall, and, if during the summer it is necessary, liquid manure can be used. Occasional syringing with soap-suds from whale-oil soap, and with clear water, will usually keep the plants free from insects.





### CHINESE PRIMROSES.

The Chinese Primrose is the plant par excellence for winter blooming, being more desirable for that purpose than its popular rival, the Geranium. It is superior to the latter for house-culture for three reasons: first, because it requires less room, being a low-growing, compact plant; secondly, it does not require a ray of sunshine, thriving, as it does, in a north window, and only asking for light; thirdly, it has a very pleasant perfume, which is "the one thing lacking" in the Geranium; so that, while not wishing to disparage the Geranium, which is one of my favorite flowers, I must concede to the Chinese Primrose the preference as a winter-blooming window plant.

The Primrose is easily raised from the seed, flowering the first year; seed sown in March will produce good plants, which will flower at, or before, Christmas time, while a second sowing in April will insure flowers for the latter part of the winter. Plants may be had to flower in a shorter period than this, perhaps, if grown in the hot, moist atmosphere of the greenhouse, but people who have to rely upon the dry air of the living-room for Primrose growing, should not postpone sowing the seed until it is very late, or failure will probably be the result. Primroses should not be forced by heat and sunshine into premature flowering, but should be kept in a cool place through the summer, that they may have sufficient time to become strong, thrifty plants with plenty of roots, in order to bloom in a satisfactory manner during winter. The seed should be sown in a box of fine and mellow earth, as the roots are very delicate and cannot easily penetrate hard soil. The seed should be lightly covered with earth, and glass placed over the box to retain the moisture, care being taken, however, to

give air if any mould appears. Place the box in a warm place, only watering when the ground begins to look dry, and in a few days the plants will appear. The earth should never, while the seeds are germinating, be allowed to become really dry, but should be watered at the slightest appearance of dryness. After the plants have attained the proper size for transplanting they should be pricked out into three-inch pots and, later in the season, after the lower leaves begin to turn brown, into five or six-inch pots, where they may be left to flower.

In potting the Primrose, leaf-mold, common garden earth, and sand may be used, or, if the leaf-mold cannot be had, the earth from the "chip-yard" may be taken instead. Primroses should not be watered profusely, and the leaves and buds, like those of many other plants with hirsute foliage, should not be wet. In fact, one great secret of growing the Primrose successfully, is to water sparingly. Some of the double varieties are very beautiful, but are not considered to be as hardy as the single kinds, and, therefore, they are not so suitable for the amateur florist. The double varieties which I have grown from seed have not generally been very satisfactory in form, growing often in an irregular or unpleasant manner, but the single ones may always be relied upon for beautiful flowers.

Though Primroses may be propagated by division of the plants, yet, except in the case of the double kinds, it is best to raise them from seed, as the flowers are very large and fine on young plants. By having a plant-stand made with four or five shelves five or six inches apart, and just wide enough to hold a six-inch pot, a large number of Primroses can be grown in a common window, producing the effect of a Primrose bank, the foliage and



flowers of each shelf hiding the pots on the shelf above, so that the whole looks like a mass of verdure and flowers.—MRS. H. R. L., *Hoosac, N. Y.*

### THE SHOWY CEREUS.

The showy *Cereus*, *C. speciosissimus*, is one of the most beautiful as well as one of the most easily cultivated of the genus. It is to be found in almost every amateur's greenhouse, as well as in many collections of window-garden plants. It is a native of South America, whence it was introduced in 1816. It grows from two to four feet in height, with an erect three or four-angled stem or stock, and very large, showy, diurnal flowers, of a rich, showy crimson and purple color, which are produced on well-grown specimens during the months of May and June. Notwith-



standing the fact that it is a plant so common and so easily cultivated, it is of rare occurrence to find a well-grown healthy specimen, and, on this account, a few remarks on its cultivation may not be out of place.

In order to flower this species successfully, it should be given a somewhat liberal treatment. It requires a pot proportionate to the size of the plant, and thrives best in a compost composed of two parts well-rotted manure, and a liberal addition of old mortar or lime rubbish, the whole being thoroughly mixed. Care should be taken to give abundant and good drainage, as this is a most essential point in the culture of this plant. Repotting should be done just before the plants start into growth. After the plants have ceased flowering they can be placed outside in a sheltered position until the middle of September, when they should

be removed to the house. The plants should be confined to five or six strong stems, neatly tied to a neat trellis, and while these are in a healthy condition, the growth of others from the bottom should not be allowed. Give the plant little or no water from September until March, but during its season of growth water should be given moderately, and just before its flowers commence to expand increase the quantity; an occasional watering of liquid manure will prove beneficial. A writer, in describing these plants, says: "The best way to flower them is to expose to the air all summer, which causes the stalks to become plump, and thus throws them into flower."

Propagation is effected by cuttings, also by division of the plant at the time of potting. Cuttings, when taken off, should be left to dry a few weeks, or until they become dry and shrivelled, then potted, otherwise they will rot immediately.

With a little care and attention this *Cereus* can be wintered in a dry, cool cellar, if the temperature averages 42°. In a lower temperature the plant will soon decay.—CHAS. E. PARNELL, *Queens, L. I.*

### OUR NATIVE CLIMBERS.

The saying, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," may likewise be figuratively applied to plants, and it so serves my purpose. The vines which clamber in such wild profusion along our fences, in our pasture fields, and through our woodlands, are too often thought unworthy of notice, much less a place by our verandas, our ornamental rockeries, stumperies, and summer houses. Frequently this oversight arises from unwarranted ignorance; for instance, if many persons knew that the *Bignonia radicans* advertised so extensively in floral catalogues is none other than our common, but for that reason none the less beautiful, Trumpet Creeper, indigenous from Pennsylvania and Illinois southward, they would forthwith transplant it from thicket to garden, there to train it with the watchful, attentive care its many pleasing features merit. Plants in order to come under cultivation not unfrequently have to be introduced by some one in authority. If by chance some wild plants rear their sweet and modest heads on the lawn, the gardener, ten chances to one, is ready to



uproot them and cast them aside as weeds, because nameless or common, unless, fortunately, some one better informed appearing at the right moment beg their lives, and, giving their botanical credentials, etc., satisfactorily prove them fit associates for Flora's most royal subjects, and they are therefore permitted to remain.

Though our country cannot boast the aristocratic, time-honored English Ivy, yet it is surprising how many really beautiful native climbers and creepers we have. Always first among the latter I would rank the Virginia Creeper, *Ampelopsis quinquefolia*, a well-known woody creeper of the Grape family. This vine is now being extensively introduced in Europe, and even bids fair to supersede the English Ivy, because of its always presenting a thick, leafy appearance, while the Ivy gets thin and ragged in patches. The large quinate leaves constitute a luxuriant, glossy green foliage, admirably adapted for covering walls and making unsightly outhouses beautiful and inviting to the eye. All summer, day after day, fresh leaves unfolding add new beauty to a well-grown creeper, only to reach culmination with autumn's deepening blush of crimson dye.

Another variety, *Ampelopsis Veitchii*, introduced from Japan, is becoming popular. Its most distinctive feature being that the leaves are smaller in size.

The names, American Woodbine and American Ivy, have been applied to our native species causing confusion, by some supposing the latter term to be interchangeable with the Poison Ivy, *Rhus Toxicodendron*, which also climbs high trees and walls. Both are often found growing together, the one, Virginia Creeper, perfectly harmless, the other, a very dangerous plant, as I can vouch by my own experience. One can readily distinguish these plants by noticing that the *Ampelopsis* has five-parted leaves, while those of the *Rhus* are but three-parted. Another fact is worthy of notice. We have no native vines with five-parted leaves that are poisonous.

Of the *Clematis*, Virgin's Bower, we have two or three species indigenous to the woods from Vermont to Ohio and Georgia. Though not vigorous growers, they are admirably adapted for trellis-work. *Clematis viorna*, Leather Flower,

presents quite a curious appearance, with its thick-leaved, purple, nodding flowers, but it is an object of wonder when it drops its floral burden, and in its stead are seeds with long plumose tails, charming from their very oddity.

Another very handsome climber is the Green Briar, *Smilax rotundifolia*, the only genus of the Northern States exhibiting an example of a woody endogenous stem. In general appearance, however, it resembles the exogens, its leaves being netted-veined, and it has also other characteristics peculiar to the exogens. This vine is such an ambitious and diligent climber as often to cover large trees, its stems sometimes extending from one tree to another, a distance of forty or fifty feet. The flowers, which are insignificant, are borne in umbels, and in the course of the season are followed by small clusters of black berries. In autumn the leaves turn to a bright yellow, and the vines being in this state cut, and the leaves pressed with a hot iron, are, with the little bunches of berries quite effective as house decorations. There are, also, native varieties of the *Smilax* that are not much more than trailers, which in autumn are very valuable for decorating purposes, their leaves being unusually brilliant in coloring.

The *Adlumia cirrhosa*, Alleghany Vine, native of the Alleghany mountains, is a pretty biennial climber, with pale green, delicate foliage. The leaves are so divided in a pinnate manner as to suggest Fern fronds. The flowers, which are numerous, are borne in pale pink clusters. It is a fine plant for arbors and trellises.

A vine which we see little of outside its favorite haunt near some cooling brookside, is the Moon Seed, *Menispermum Canadense*. It has smooth, round, shining green leaves, small yellow flowers, and bears a black drupe resembling Grapes. Altogether it is a very graceful and ornamental climber, and deserves to be better known.

*Solanum Dulcamara*, or Bitter Sweet, so called from the rind having first a bitter and then a sweet taste, is a desirable woody climber, with a profusion of brilliant green, ovate, heart-shaped leaves. Though originally a native of Europe, it has now become so thoroughly naturalized in our older States as frequently to be classed among our indigenous plants.



The flowers of this woody climber are borne in small cymes, and, like other species of Nightshade, are not very large or showy; the flowers, however, are succeeded by bright-red oval berries, which are much prized for winter decoration, as they retain their showy coloring an indefinite length of time.

A pretty little annual twiner is *Polygonum dumetorum*, Hedge Bindweed, or, as we have commonly heard it called, Wild Buckwheat. Its loose panicles of tiny pinkish-white flowers, with winged calyx, enlarging as the seed ripens, strongly resemble Buckwheat. This vine, when once introduced will seed itself, and each year reappear in all the fresh loveliness of its pristine beauty.

In striking contrast to the little annual just mentioned is the Wild Grapevine, *Vitis æstivalis*, one of our most ambitious perennial climbers, often ascending trees to a great height, and hanging like cables suspended from the branches. This vine is a native of woods and groves throughout the United States, and is much valued in cultivation for its deep shade in summer-arbors and the like. One of the most beautiful natural summer-houses I ever saw was completely covered with this thick-leaved climber. The framework was simply two trees which the Grapevines had entirely covered and enveloped, doors and windows being cut with the aid of pruning-shears.

The Trumpet Creeper, which I mentioned before, may be trained by frequent pruning, if so desired, into a beautiful and shrub-like tree; for myself I confess a decided preference for the natural bent of the plant, and so let it run riot at its own sweet will.—R. E. M., *Felicity, Ohio*.

#### A WEEK IN HEREFORD.

A few years ago I spent a week in the beautiful neighborhood of the King's acre Rose nurseries, near Hereford, England, (Cranston's), and fairly revelled in the brilliance, beauty, and fragrance of their acres of splendor. The nurseries and their divisions are bounded and set off by evergreens of all shades and forms, and of wonderful beauty individually and in mass, very many sorts flourishing to perfection which perish under our ardent sun, and in our burning air. When not intoxicating myself among the Roses, I

wandered through the lovely country, or studied the British, Roman, and mediæval remains with which that country, on the long disputed border line between Welsh and English, is thickly studded. The people, too,—the looks, talk, habits and work of the untraveled natives of the soil, were another unending source of entertaining interest, and the home-like comfort of the inns, with their motherly landladies, added to the pleasure of the sojourn.

Among the list of Hybrid Perpetual Roses a familiar name caught my attention, that of an old acquaintance and friend, a genuine lover of the plants and trees that he cultivates. The Rose, bearing the name, Mons. E. Y. Teas, was of the highest strain of delicacy and beauty, and I have not been surprised to find it in nearly all the lists of highest prize winners at late Rose shows in various parts of England. But it quails before the trials of our climate, and soon becomes a prey to mildew, so that, although worthily named for a worthy American by the French originator of so many new beauties, EUGENE VERDIER, it is only in the mild and humid air of the British Isles that it can exhibit its full loveliness.—W., *Tyrone, Pa.*

#### FLOWERS FOR THE SOUTH.

MR. VICK:—Please allow me to say a few words in favor of *Nemophila insignis*. While I admire all the varieties of *Nemophila*, this one is to me far the prettiest. The *Nemophila* is such a modest little flower that I fear it has been much slighted. When seeds are sown here in the



NEMOPHILA.

fall we may have the bright blue flowers in profusion during the months of March and April. The plants are hardy, and require so little attention that they are suitable to recommend to amateurs. I speak from experience, for when I made my first attempt at flower-gardening I had



many more failures than successes. The *Nemophila*, however, gave me no trouble and much pleasure.



ERYSIMUM.

Another flower I would heartily recommend to those cultivating out-of-door plants is *Erysimum*. Sow seeds here in the autumn, and early, very early, the large heads of bloom will appear and remain in beauty a long time. The blooms are much more fragrant, too, than when they come later in the season. Like the *Nemophila*, *Erysimum* will almost take care of itself.—MRS. E. B. H., *White Plains, Ga.*

#### A SUMMER DAY.

Oh perfect day of summer time !  
I see the purple shadows climb  
The peaceful hills, as down the west  
The sun goes journeying to his rest,  
While all the valley at my feet  
Is wrapped in calm as deep and sweet  
As that which in my fancy lies  
About the peaks of Paradise,  
And softly to my heart I say,  
Is Heaven more fair than earth to-day ?

The wind is sleeping on the hill,  
The robin carols softly still.  
But far away, as heard in dreams,  
His mid-day song of gladness seems.  
Beside his nest he rocks and swings,  
While, thinking of the folded wings  
Beneath her breast, his brown wife broods  
In the green maple's solitudes,  
So near, and yet so far away  
As things of which we dream to-day.

The river's voice is low and sweet  
Where Lily leaves, a fairy fleet,  
Are rising, falling, by the shores—  
Lite-boats adrift with idle oars.  
I see the water-fairies dance  
Among the rushes on the banks,  
Where, crowned with plume, and armed with  
lance,

The tall reeds stand in stately ranks,  
And fancy that some Pan to-day  
Is fashioning pipes whereon to play.

All day the elves of June have swung  
The Lily-bells the grass among,  
And filled the air with melody  
Like that which comes in dreams to me,—  
Sweet airs from Elfland, vague as sweet,

That only those who dream can hear  
When rest is round us, to complete  
The happy day that crowns the year,—  
The happy day when life to me  
Is dream, and dream reality.

Wild Roses, in the wayside gloom,  
Shake down a shower of sweet perfume  
To lull me in a lotos-dream  
Of drifting down enchanted stream.  
Oh, softly, slowly, out to sea  
A fairy shallop drifts with me.  
The world seems fading from my gaze ;  
The hills recede in amber haze.  
Blown outwardly by unfelt wind  
I leave the cares of earth behind.

The sky has seemed, the whole day through,  
Like a great Violet, overturned,  
With sunshine filtering through its blue,  
While idle, dreaming, unconcerned,  
I lay among the grass and heard  
The cricket chirp, and talk of bird,  
And saw the clouds sail softly by  
Between me and the great, clear sky,  
Like argosies our heart sent out  
To find the treasures dreamed about.

No discord mars the silver tune  
To which is set this day of June—  
A poem from the hand of God,  
Wrote out in sky, and tree, and sod.  
I read it in the upper air,  
I see it, hear it everywhere.  
And I, who am not learned, nor wise  
In lore which many scholars prize,  
Have talked with Nature as a friend  
Whose love I fully comprehend.

And such strange things as she has told !  
The secret of the sunshine's gold ;  
The mystery of the growing corn ;  
How Roses break apart at morn ;  
What the wind whispers to the Pine—  
Ah, all these mysteries are mine.  
But I may never tell to you  
What I have heard. Your ear must be  
Laid close against her heart so true  
To understand each mystery.

—EBEN E. REXFORD.

#### JAPAN PERSIMMON.

There is yet a prospect of our enjoying whatever of nice and good there may be in the Japan Persimmon. Mr. T. V. MUNSON, of Denison, Texas, had fruit last year from a tree of the variety called Imperial, received from California with the Mikado and Davis, which latter winter-killed to the ground, as did some of the Imperials. The fruit of the Imperial was vermilion in color ; very beautiful ; of a rich, custard-like consistency and flavor, and without the least astringency. Mr. M. applied pollen from a native male tree to the blossoms, and now has hybrid seeds, which make a starting point for a very interesting and promising line of improvement.—W.



### ROSE LEGENDS.

In the neighborhood of Jerusalem is a pleasant valley which still bears the name of Solomon's Rose garden, and where, according to the Mahomedan myth, a compact was made between the wise man and genii of the Morning Land, which was writ not in blood, like the bond between Faust and Mephistopheles, nor in gall, like our modern treaties, but with saffron and rose-water on the petals of white Roses. In the Catholic Tyrol in the present day betrothed swains are expected to carry a Rose during the period of their betrothal, as a warning to young maidens of their engaged state. Roses have played, and still play, an important part in popular usages in many other parts of the world. In Germany young girls deck their hair with white Roses for their confirmation, their entrance into the world, and when, at the end of life's career, the aged grandmother departs to her eternal rest, a last gift in shape of a Rose garland is laid upon her bier.

Julius Cæsar, it is recorded, was fain to hide his baldness at the age of thirty with the produce of the Roman Rose gardens, as Anacreon hid the snows of eighty winters under a wreath of Roses. At mid-Lent the Pope sends a golden Rose to particular churches or crowned heads whom he designs especially to honor. MARTIN LUTHER wore a Rose at his girdle. In these instances the Rose serves as a symbol of ecclesiastical wisdom. A Rose was figured on the headsman's ax of the Vœhmgericht. Many orders, fraternities, and societies have taken the Rose as their badge; the Rosecrucians may be instanced, the "Society of the Rose" of Hamburg, an association of learned ladies of the seventeenth century, is a less known example. It was divided into four sections, the Roses, the Lilies, the Violets, and the Pinks. The Holy Medardus instituted in France the custom of "La Rosiere," by which in certain localities a money gift and a crown of Roses was bestowed on the devoutest and most industrious maiden in the commune. At Treviso a curious Rose-play is, or was, held annually. A castle was erected with tapestry and silken hangings, and defended by the best-born maidens in the city against the attacks of the young bachelors, almonds, nutmegs, Roses, and squirts filled with Rose-water being the

ammunition freely used on both sides. In English history we have the wars of the Red and White Roses. The poet in all time has used the Rose as the symbol of purity, of love, and of beauty, and to the present hour it maintains its popularity against all other floral beauties.—S. W. V., *Melbourne, Australia.*

### SOME BEAUTIFUL TREES.

Mere beauty is no longer considered unnecessary to the development of the human race, and the variety of graceful forms and rich colors of many trees furnish an important factor. A land without trees is a desert, and a desert may well be defined as a land without trees. The Palm and the Pine have long stood as representatives of their different latitudes. The Palm, with its tuft of waving plumes, and the Pine, with its masses of dark green and its sweet melancholy voice, have both their admirers. BAYARD TAYLOR tells us that when he first saw the Palm in the full splendor of its tropical beauty, he wavered in his allegiance to the Pine of his native hills, until the breeze sprang up and he heard the metallic clashing of its leaves, then, remembering the plaintive music of the Pine, he returned to his first love.

There is the American Elm, with its drooping, swaying branches, its majestic trunk and delicate foliage. In grace of form and outline it is not far behind the Palm of the tropics. It springs up along our water courses, and bathes its feet in the rushing stream, while its branches wave to and fro in the summer's breeze. If left to its own sweet will, in a broad field, it often becomes the finest object of the landscape. There are four or five large Elms on the bank of a stream, not far from my home, and in most of my "tramps" during the season of foliage, I find myself stopping to admire these lords of the soil.

The Sugar Maple is another favorite of our northern lands, beloved for its sweet fluid in early spring, as well as its grateful shade in midsummer, and its magnificent colors in autumn. During the long winter its red and yellow leaves may brighten the walls of our homes. If the Calla refuses to blossom, if the Heliotrope finds too little sunshine in the window, if the Begonias all freeze, and the Geraniums hide their diminished heads, there is still



some brightness in these pressed and varnished leaves. The Maple, like the Elm, needs plenty of space to develop a perfect form, and may fate stay the hand of the barbarian who would lop off its lower branches. It is scarcely less destructive to the beauty of an evergreen to be pruned than that of a Maple. A well-rounded top, growing low upon the trunk is its most beautiful form. I have seen a row of these trees, in front of a house, only a few feet from the highway, and, of course, there was "too much shade," the house was too dark, and straightway a man with a saw and a ladder proceeds to cut off a number of branches, leaving a series of hummocks up and down a long trunk, deforming the trees beyond all recovery. If there is too much shade, lay the ax to the root of the tree, but do not leave it standing, a deformed, forlorn object, having no joy in existence. Now, do not tell me that a one-sided, shapeless tree is as happy as a well-grown, handsome one. The former certainly looks very miserable, and has little power of imparting happiness to others.

The Willows which stand upon the bank of the pond and watch their reflected forms in the water below, furnish an agreeable variety in color, as they whiten in the breeze. They are more attractive in thick hedges, and though they have an uncanny habit of growing scraggy and dropping decayed branches, they are still handsome. A pond without its willows loses half its charm.

Evergreens are trees for "dress parade," for the lawn and the terrace. A Spruce is never so handsome as when it grows a perfect cone, and the larger it grows, other things being equal, the handsomer it is.

I have always felt a touch of envy when thinking of the magnificent parks of the English gentry, with their avenues of old Oaks. In this land of liberty the soil is divided more equally; a laboring man may have a home of his own instead of a tenant's cottage, yet there will come the thoughts of those family seats kept intact for generations, and the grand old trees that grow in their grounds are not to be disturbed by a new comer who may have use for them as lumber.

The trees in a wood, though not to be admired as individuals, are beautiful in their collective shade. Who has not

spent delightful hours, sitting on the ground, looking up through the branches at the delicate tracery of foliage against the sky? It is no wonder the ancient Greeks, in their simple, out-door life, created a wood-nymph for every tree, a fairy for every grotto, a water-sprite for every stream, giving each almost a soul in their poetic imagery.—N.

#### GRASSES AND DRIED FLOWERS.

Those who have never seen the beautiful grasses that are cultivated by florists and dyed with so much taste and skill, have no idea of how much more attractive a home can be made at a very small expense. A plain room decorated with some of these grasses with a mingling of everlasting flowers, can be made a constant source of pleasure during the dreary winter season. A few stately Pampas plumes in beautiful colors, some of the graceful Feather grass, and a few bright everlasting flowers placed in a pair of large vases on the mantle, and home grasses gathered during pleasant walks in late summer-time, with a small mixture of colored Sea Oats among them, will make attractive the plainest apartment. The *Agrostis*, too, for small vases, and other small varieties, deserve honorable mention. The French *Immortelles*, with their small, perfectly-formed blooms, must not be omitted.

A box of these grasses and flowers procured two winters ago are as pretty now as ever, and are admired by all who see them. A gentleman just from the Atlanta Exposition, where much that was beautiful in the floral line was exhibited, and a host of other things worthy of notice, remarked to me while inspecting my display of grasses and flowers, that he had seen nothing in Atlanta finer to look upon or better worth seeing.—E. B. H., *White Plains, Ga.*

THE POCKLINGTON GRAPE.—I have heard this spring from several parties that the Pocklington Grape has a bad fault as a market fruit, of dropping its berries when quite ripe. Whether this report is true concerning it will probably be better known another year. For my own part, as I do not raise fruit for sale, but for my own table, I do not regard it as a matter of much consequence to me.—W. S. C., *Pittsford, N. Y.*





#### LARGE YELLOW LADY'S SLIPPER.

It may be interesting to some to know how the beautiful plant, *Cypripedium pubescens*, appears as a subject of pot-culture. Late in June, last summer, I found a plant of it growing high up on the side of a hill. I shall never forget with what wonder and delight I looked upon it. It was the first *Cypripedium* I had ever seen growing in its woody home. It was dug up with great care, saving all the roots possible, and I bore it home in triumph, proud indeed of my prize. I planted it out in a shady border which had been made up especially for Ferns and native plants, and that was composed of nearly equal parts of leaf-mold and sand. Any light soil from the woods would do as well. My plant remained where I had set it all summer and all winter, until about the middle of March. Then I took it up, and potted it in a clean, well-drained pot, in equal parts of loam, leaf-mold and sand. I gave it a gentle watering, and then placed it in the coolest

part of the greenhouse, where it soon showed signs of growth. It grew very fast and bloomed finely, and the last flower is now, May 5th, just fading. I feel amply rewarded for the little labor I have bestowed on my plant, not only by the delight at seeing it grow and bloom, but for the knowledge it has imparted to me, for the latter is worth to me more than I can find words to express.

I believe that this *Cypripedium* would become a favorite greenhouse plant if cultivated, and I think it would succeed as a window-plant when its treatment is understood. What I have now to say is more suggestion than experience, but I think I should treat the plant as already stated, taking it up early in the spring, potting it, and placing it in a cool room where the temperature would range from 40° to 50°, and gradually bring it to the light and heat as it makes its growth. Success, I believe, will follow this course. You will have foliage, which in itself is ornamental, and, I think, flowers too.



The flowers are borne at the ends of the stems, sometimes in pairs but mostly singly, and are pale yellow, slightly spotted. For a rockery I think the plant would be fine, for it will accommodate itself to any shady nook, not being particular about too much moisture, yet a somewhat shady, moist pocket would not be out of place. Planted among native Ferns it would give a fine effect, and this would be heightened if, for a front border, the common blue Violet, *V. cucullata*, and its twin sister, *V. pubescens* were planted about it.—R. G.

#### REPORT FROM CAROLINA.

MR. VICK:—A long while I have denied myself the pleasure of reading the pages of your valuable MAGAZINE, yet I have not forgotten the information culled therefrom on our many household pets. The past winter was generally mild, and my flowers did not suffer from the cold. Geraniums are now budding and blooming in the pit. Victor Hugo is one of the prettiest we have, the color is a deep and darker salmon than Asa Gray. Madame Baltet, is a good double white, and we have also a rich scarlet. These are all we find blooming just yet, though there are numberless buds and leaves. Heliotropes have never bloomed to any advantage for me until this year, and now mine has six or eight fine clusters of lovely violet, with the richest and rarest perfumes wafted to us as we enter.

*Hoya carnosa* is now nine years old. About two years ago many wax-like clusters opened and it was the admiration of our many friends throughout that summer. During the following winter the topmost branches were much injured during an extremely cold night, and it bloomed but little the next summer. I hope, however, our efforts at its cultivation will be crowned with success the present year.

One *Fuchsia* has budded and bloomed up to this time. Then we have bulbs of *Crocus*, *Narcissus*, *Ranunculus*, *Anemone*, *Oxalis*, and *Lilies*. All of these do nicely in a pit or greenhouse, blooming earlier and, I think, more abundantly than out-of-doors; then the beauty and brightness of these sweet messengers of spring add many attractions.

*Dolichodios* is a summer bulb, somewhat like the *Gloxinia*; a gesneraceous plant; blooms finely with us; the flowers

are shaped somewhat like the *Penstemon*, though with longer tubes, extremely fragrant and pure white. The leaves have not yet appeared, but come out early in the spring. It flowers about June or July, and until frost in the South. *Othonna crassifolia* is full of bright yellow, star-like flowers. At this time, March 17th, out-of-doors *Hyacinths*, *Tulips*, *Crocus*, *Narcissus*, and *Daffodils* brighten the flower-beds. This little town, I must tell you, is just the home for such flowers; never a child goes to school in the early spring-time without her *Hyacinths* or *Narcissus*. Some yards have every bed bordered by these and *Snowdrops*. By the way, our double *Snowdrops* have bloomed. One family on moving to our village thought that to rid themselves of *Jonquils* they had but to plow the yard, and on the following summer they were *en masse*—dear me, how they bloomed! My *Hyacinths* are perfectly splendid—pink, dark, medium and light blue; white, both double and single, with one yellow one. *Tulips* as bright as a flame, with splotches of scarlet and yellow *Crocus*, among which come forth new beauties day by day. Double white *Spiræa* and *Forsythia* are our only blooming shrubs just now, unless we number the rose-colored blooms of the numberless *Peach trees*.—MRS. J. H. F., Lancaster, S. C.

#### A RAINY DAY.

I am not so weather-wise as I had thought, for last evening I said to myself, "No, it will not rain to-morrow, the sunset is so fine and the wind has not been south long enough." But I am well content to stay in-doors and rest, for yesterday was so delightful it tempted me to do too much, and I am now in a mood to give a lecture on taking things easy, although I do not regret that the work is done, and I shall do the same thing again the first opportunity. It is my way, but it is not the best way for everybody. When I work, I work, and when I idle I do it most thoroughly. I do not advise others to pattern after me; it is all a matter of temperament. So you will readily perceive that a rainy day is very delightful just now, since it gives the desired leisure to do several things that, in the press of work might otherwise be crowded out. One is writing letters; another good use



to put a rainy day to is planning and reviewing. I could not get through as much on my working days if I did not plan on my idle ones. I always have numerous projects ready to be carried out as strength and opportunity offer. For instance, yesterday was fine and dry, and there had been no rain for a week, and the earth was quite light in a part of the garden where I had desired to remove some soil to fill up vacancies in my flower beds, so I carried many bucketsful of it and put it here and there wherever needed. If ladies who think they have not strength for such labor would try it, they would be astonished at their own success. They would find themselves able to do thrice the work in the open air that they could do in-doors. I do all the work in my garden; that is, with the assistance and society of the real owner of the garden, the Robin. *Satirica* says I give up to that bird and indulge him in the most ridiculous way; dear old thing! I would not have a garden without a robin in it, and I am proud of the friendship of this one, for he is no common fowl, I can assure you. He sat on the back of my chair, yesterday, and took a nap; I was not in the chair. I would not move until he did, and that was the last occasion of *Satirica's* strictures. I am sure he is almost as fond of me as I am of him; not quite, of course, for I am not half so worthy of regard. But I will leave his biography for another rainy day, merely stating a fact that I have been watching to verify for some time. He does eat ants. I saw him quite plainly, yesterday, when at work in the ant-bed, for one of my flower-beds is the harbor of an ant colony that refuses to be dislodged. And I did not shed a single tear as one after another of these emblems of industry disappeared down robin's throat. The golden-winged woodpecker is an ant-eater, too; I have often been much amused watching him gathering them in. I have no fears of the crop failing, there will always be ants enough for them and for me. The ant has its use as well as everything else in this wonderful world; it is the scavenger of the garden, and I have often watched it to see if it ever attacked any living thing, but I have never seen it attempt to injure any creature. A writer in *Harper's Magazine* states that he once saw ants attack wasps, and with

great vigor and success; this was entirely new to me, and if any of the readers of the *MAGAZINE* have observed similar behavior in the ants I should much like to know of it. I except the wonderful battles that they wage among themselves. I have often thought how desirable it would be if ants would kill and eat the larvæ of several kinds of insects, the cut-worm, white grub, and wire-worms, and a few others of the same sort. But the insect that annoys me most at the present time is a vagrant hen. Ah, if some kind hawk, or gentle weasel, or odoriferous pole-cat would interfere in my behalf! All human agency has failed to aid me. My own resources have been taxed for four months in vain; a man, a boy, and a dog hunted her for several hours one Sabbath morning (without my sanction, be it known); a girl came with an ear of corn yesterday evening to try to catch her, but as I see her at this moment stepping about the garden, I suppose Maggie did not succeed. She has too much sagacity for a common hen, and I have strange surmisings about her; if demons could enter into swine, why not take up their abode in a hen? Yes, I am tempted to believe she is no mere barnyard fowl, but a feathered fiend. It would take a whole number of the *MAGAZINE* and the entire corps of artists to do justice to the subject, and I will not attempt it, but beg for the sympathy and counsel of editor and readers.—JENNY DARE.

#### CHICAGO MARKET POTATO.

I raised the Chicago Market Potato last year and, compared with Early Rose planted on adjoining ground, and all cultivated alike, it yielded more than twice as much. This Potato is above medium size and keeps well, retaining its good qualities to the last. When cooked it is mealy, dry and fine flavored. It ripens about the same time or a little earlier than Early Rose. For a good, reliable crop I know of no better sort, and I have tried many. I have heard some reports in regard to the bearing qualities of the White Elephant that lead me to think that, possibly, it may produce more than Chicago Market, but I shall not be satisfied on this point until I have tried them both together, which I am doing this season.—T. G., *Brighton, N. Y.*





#### NOTES FROM AUSTRALIA.

There seems a probability, with us at least, of a revival of that old time recognition of the Almighty goodness of a harvest thanksgiving. An Anglican clergyman, Reverend TUCKER, of Christ's Church, South Yarra, has the credit of initiating the revival of the custom; and the ceremony was not only an impressive and edifying one in a religious sense, but was made effective and pleasing in a more mundane character by the church being decorated with the flowers of the season, and the altar-piece, &c., covered with the fruits of the earth, from a sheaf of Wheat down to a Potato, and specimens of almost every fruit, all given by the wealthier worshippers, and by the ladies arranged in a tasty manner. The service, a pleasant one, over, the fruits, flowers, &c., were presented to those of the congregation whose means did not allow of their indulging very largely in these luxuries. Apropos of the above I tumble over an extract from an English paper which narrates a similar Thanksgiving in England, but wanting in the decoration and final disposition of the "offerings," after the harvest of 1878-9, at the village of Woolpardisworthy, in North Devon. The following placard was posted: "'Ephraim shall not envy Judah and Judah shall not vex Ephraim.' You are invited to meet at the parish church on Thursday evening, that you workers side by side in the field may side by side thank the Lord, break bread, and drink of the stingless cup together.'" At the church tea and refreshments were provided and partaken of after a Thanksgiving service.

In this matter-of-fact age the revival of so poetic a celebration is not only novel but is calculated to interest all, and develop a healthy feeling of reverence and gratitude to the giver of all good things.

I question much whether your climate admits of the favorable development of that grand, aquatic plant, the *Victoria Regia*, brought to England by WATERTON from the savannahs of British Guiana, or the interior of South America. We have one here in our Botanical Gardens, in a house and tank built purposely for it. It is just coming into bloom, and I had hoped to have been able to give you a description of its unfolded beauty, but nature will not be hurried. The bloom at present, or rather the bud shut up in its calyx, is about the size of an ordinary Cabbage, say five inches in diameter; the floating leaves, nearly circular, with an edge turned sharply up all around, measure from three to four feet across, and, what is singular, although just level with the water, not a drop ever appears on the surface of the leaf, which is a beautiful deep green. In its normal condition, exposed to rain, or possibly heavy dews, the leaf would, with the rim around it, become water-logged and sink under water but for a wondrous provision at one point, where the upturned rim falls, and thus any water falling on the leaf would run off at this point. Great care is taken of the plant, and so popular an object of interest is it, that the Curator always gets the papers to notify the fact of its blooming, so that the people, whose property it is, may have an opportunity of seeing it in its grandeur; and gentle and simple largely avail themselves of the view of this wonderful plant, and the gardens generally, which are admirably kept, and contain every procurable variety of nature's works in the vegetable kingdom.—S. W. VINEY, *Melbourne, Australia.*

ENGLISH JOURNALS are full of the early spring in that country; Lilacs, Roses, Honeysuckles and other flowers in April.



### THE TRUFFLE.

Under the name of Truffle several species of Fungi of the Eastern Continent are particularly interesting. The one most commonly found in France and Germany is that known as *Tuber melanosporum*, VITT; another one less abundant is *T. magnatum*, PICO. The one consumed in England, according to M. C. COOKE, is *T. æstivum*, VITT. Occasion-



TRUFFLE, OR TUBER MELANOSPORUM.

ally the finding of Truffles in this State has been reported, but we believe these reports have never been substantiated. Something quite similar to a Truffle is the Tuckahoe, or Indian bread, found in the Atlantic coast States from New Jersey to Georgia. The celebrated botanist, SCHWEINITZ, gave to the Tuckahoe the name, *Lycoperdon solida*, and afterwards changed it to *Pachyma cocos*. These objects have a superficial resemblance to each other, and they are both found underground, and both are hunted for by pigs, who scent them and root in the soil and uncover them. The Truffle is used as food and is considered quite a delicacy;

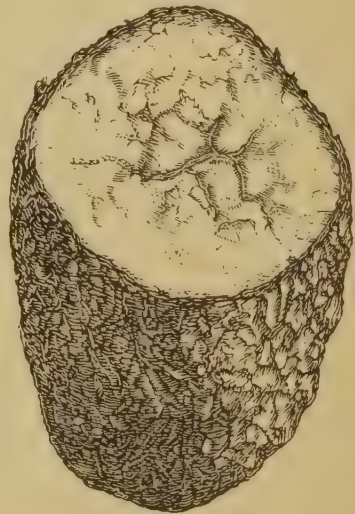


TRUFFLE CUT OPEN.

but the Tuckahoe, though called Indian bread, and having its interior composed of a white substance which, in drying, becomes pulverizable like flour, is not known to be eaten, except in the manner hereafter noticed. COOKE, in his *Fungi*, remarks as follows: "Although often in-

cluded with Fungi, the curious production known under the name of *Pachyma cocos*, Fr., is not a fungus, as proved by the examinations made by the Rev. M. J. BERKELEY. It is eaten under the name, Tuckahoe, in the United States, and as it consists almost entirely of pectic acid, it is sometimes used in manufacturing jelly."

Dr. THURBER says of the Tuckahoe, that "there is no reason for considering it a fungus, other than its underground growth, and its somewhat distant exterior resemblance to the Truffle; on account of these, it has been mistaken for the Truffle. From the entire absence not only of reproductive organs, but of all cellular structure, and of the lack of all knowledge of it in an early stage of its development, the Tuckahoe has long been a puzzle to naturalists. The name, Tuckahoe, is said to have been applied by the Indians to several edible roots, and indicates that they used this for food. It is employed in the Southern States, boiled in milk, as a nutritious diet in diseases of the bowels, instead of Arrowroot, and has



TUCKAHOE, OR PACHYMA COCOS.

been recommended in a medical work as a starchy food, while it contains no starch."

Occasionally the inquiry is made whether Truffles can be propagated artificially by spawn, as the Mushroom is, and so be extensively cultivated. To such questions we have been obliged to reply, in accordance with the most reliable information from European sources, that all efforts to propagate the Truffle artificially had been unavailing. Now, we are informed by *Revue Horticole* that, at



Etampes, a few leagues from Paris, there is a considerable trade in Truffles; that there they are cultivated by the Burgundy people on a large scale, and that the industry is a lucrative one. Even high-priced lands are cultivated in Truffles, by planting them with certain essences. Upon these lands trees are growing more or less thickly, and the Oaks and Birches are considered particularly favorable for the development of Truffles; besides these, in some parts of Burgundy the Hazel trees are found valuable to the culture.

"What value," enquires the *Revue*, "have these essences?" And replies, "scientifically we cannot say; we can only say that the practice establishes the fact. What role do the trees play in the production of Truffles? We cannot say. What we know is that they are never found in soils that are entirely naked, whatever they may be, but it is otherwise when Birches and Oaks are planted on them. Would it be the same if other essences than those now used should be planted there?"

The Truffles of Etampes are, some of them, blackish on the outside, and others are yellow. Instead of pigs being employed to gather them, as is the common practice in Europe, at Etampes dogs perform the service by sniffing at the spots where the Truffles are to be found. In England Truffle hunting is always done with dogs.

#### SUBSTITUTE FOR THE VINE.

The French do not propose to allow the trade in wine and brandy to escape them altogether, though the destruction of the vine should be total, for already they are making experiments with other plants. An agriculturist near Marseilles, AUGUSTE DELEUIL, has given up the fight with the phylloxera, and considers all further efforts to save the vine are useless. "Let us turn our attention elsewhere," he says. "For my part, convinced for a long time of this deplorable situation, after many trials and the very slender results, I have been obliged to seek to turn the difficulty, so as not to allow to disappear the elements of prosperity, which escape in every way, from our unfortunate cultivators. Abandoning then the vine to its misfortune, I have asked myself if there does not exist in nature any plant capable of replacing this precious shrub. This

plant I believe to have found, and it is our red Beet which appears called to be the successor of the vine. All the world knows the considerable advantages which agriculture, industry and commerce draw already from this interesting root by the process of distillation; we can from this time foresee the immense resources which we are permitted yet to expect from it in the future."

Is this then to be the hope of the French vineyardist? With a root so hardy, and which flourishes in so many climates, it is not easy to see how the cultivators of one country can think to derive any very superior advantage from it. The particular variety of red Beet that is recommended for this purpose is sent out under the name of Incomparable. Will it prove more valuable than the Long Blood Red?

#### CHARLES DARWIN.

As our readers are all aware, the death of CHARLES DARWIN, the most celebrated naturalist of our time, occurred on the 19th of April, in the 74th year of his age. We can do no better justice than to quote here some of the language of the *Gardeners' Chronicle* on this occasion, for with its editor DARWIN was intimate and for many years contributed to its columns.

"Personal observation and extensive research did not satisfy Mr. DARWIN. The most elaborate actual experiment was brought to bear with a sagacity in conception and a patience in carrying it out which have never been surpassed, and rarely equaled. These experiments related to the fertilization of Orchids and of numerous other plants, the movements executed by growing plants, the curious phenomena of digestion carried on by the leaves of certain so-called carnivorous plants, the action of worms on the soil, and other subjects now so well known, that the mere mention will suffice. These manifold researches have raised DARWIN to the highest rank among naturalists and experimenters, a rank accorded to him by universal consent, seeing that, not only in this country, but throughout the civilized world, universities and academies have been proud to enroll him among their members. We need not now stop to detail the various arguments derived from many sources by which DARWIN laid down in these latter times the



doctrine of evolution. In principle, if not in detail, it is now almost universally accepted; and what was received with hostility and ridicule has now become so generally accepted as true that the terms evolution, inheritance, variation, the battle of life, survival of the fittest, have become household words, and are applied to circumstances and conditions never dreamt of by DARWIN himself.

"Comparatively few among practical horticulturists have duly considered the extent of DARWIN's services to horticulture. Succeeding generations will, it may be, apply his principles to their daily work quite unconsciously, but even now physiologists will admit that, since the days of THOMAS ANDREW KNIGHT, no physiologist has done so much to extend the basis on which successful culture, whether of animals or plants, depends."

A later issue of the same journal says: "With every mark of honor and respect, and in the presence of a very large gathering of representative men of all classes—nobles, clergy, statesmen, judges, men of science—the remains of CHARLES DARWIN have been worthily laid in the only place fitting for the reception of such a man—Westminster Abbey. The sight was, indeed, a most imposing one. The memories attaching to the place, the last resting place of so many of the great and good, were striking enough; but the gathering of living men was, if possible, even more noteworthy. The State, the Parliament, the great Universities, the Scientific Societies, the Church, Foreign Nations—all sent their representatives to mourn the loss of a simple country gentleman, plain CHARLES DARWIN. A plain country gentleman indeed, but one who has conferred honor on the nation, contributed directly so much to the stock of knowledge, moulded so powerfully the current of ideas, and set in action the springs of research in so many branches of thought and work. His genius and his labors have been cordially recognized on all sides, the press of all shades of opinion has borne testimony to the greatness of the man. Foreign nations have vied with ourselves in paying honorable tribute to the memory of the great philosopher. There is, therefore, no need now to point out what it is he has done—its value is recognized, the future will enhance his reputation.

"He has gone to his rest, and the lesson of his life is one of encouragement. It may be long ere such a genius again arises; but his method of working, as we have seen, was not mysterious—in its degree, it may be followed by all of us. We may follow in our halting fashion his method; we may strive to imitate his candor, his modesty, his love of truth, and in proportion as we do so, we, too, may advance that knowledge, the progress of which it was DARWIN's life-long aim to urge forward."

#### THE TUBEROUS VINE.

A year or two since, the precise date is not remembered, the announcement was received with something of doubt, that a traveler, M. LECARD, had discovered in Central Africa a vine, (a true *Vitis*? so we think it was stated at the time,) with a tuberous root and an annual stem, that produced good Grapes. The same plant was afterwards found in Cochin China, and from that country both roots and seeds have been received in France this spring. The hope is that the plant will take the place of the ordinary Grapevine in the French vineyards, and thus enable them still to maintain their supremacy in the production of wine, and to triumph over the phylloxera which is surely and swiftly devastating their vineyards. A late announcement, by the Lyons *Horticulturist*, is that a Portuguese agriculturist, M. HENRY, has discovered the same plant in Guinea.

THE PHYLLOXERA IN FRANCE.—*Revue Horticole* notices the progress of the Phylloxera in districts heretofore free, or supposed to be free from it, and sums up the whole with the remark that "the congresses, the committees, and the money appropriations have not advanced the question a single step, and show that no means is known of combatting the phylloxera effectively."

OUR ENGLISH FRIENDS are discovering how handsome an object is the Yellow Lady's Slipper, *Cypripedium pubescens*, as a pot-plant, and how well it will bear forcing. A late number of the *Gardeners' Chronicle* notices it in this capacity, as exemplified by a fine specimen at Kew.





### ANGEL FOOTPRINTS.

God made the earth : He saw 'twas good,  
Green with all creatures' needful food,  
Shaded with groves, and bright with rills,  
Diversified with plains and hills,  
Mountain and valley, marsh and dell,  
The whole creation pleased Him well.  
Ocean and river sang His praise,  
The birds trilled all the happy days,  
The golden sun gave glorious light,  
The twilight came, and then the night ;  
With moon's soft splendor, starlight's ray,  
The night was almost fair as day ;  
But when the king of day had set  
There seemed some beauty lacking yet.

So, then He called his angel host  
To search the world from coast to coast ;  
Across each plain, beside each brook,  
To search out every sunny nook ;  
To go where mountains rear their heads,  
Beside the rivers' rocky beds ;  
O'er knolls wood-crowned, in forest shade,  
In every dell and woodland glade,  
O'er every crag and headland bold,  
O'er rocky steep and grassy wold,  
Until they had, without a doubt,  
Searched every nook and cranny out.

At His command the angels flew ;  
They searched the whole world through and  
through,  
And lo ! when dawned the morning hours,  
The earth was beautiful with flowers.

In every spot by foot caressed,  
In every place by finger pressed,  
Wherever seraph's wing had fanned,  
Or garment trailed, of angel band,  
There sprang the myriad flowers, so bright  
They rivaled all the stars of night.

'Tis given to him who sows the seed  
To say it shall be flower or weed ;  
Then let us sow with loving hand,  
These "angel footprints" through the land.

MRS. J. M. K., *Princeville, Ill.*

**THE GREEN CABBAGE WORM.**—I have learned a remedy for the Cabbage worm. It is to sprinkle the plants with flowers of sulphur as soon as the white butterflies make their appearance, and repeat after a rain. The remedy has proved good.—  
MRS. L. E. B., *Taylorville, Ill.*

### WINTER-FLOWERING PLANTS.

MR. EDITOR :—I have a sunny room, free from draughts and dust, where the mercury occasionally falls as low as 35° and rises as high as 70°, in which I should like to grow and have blooming the first of January such plants as the following named: Abutilons, Alyssum, Carnations, Farfugium, Petunia, Pilogyne, Smilax, Verbenas, Asters, Mignonette, Maurandya, Kenilworth Ivy, Dicentra, Daisy, Phlox, Chinese Primrose, Lily of the Valley and Heliotrope. Please inform me through the columns of your charming MAGAZINE, if I can succeed with my plants in the room without extra heat, and name some others that I could add to my collection that would give me flowers for winter.—A READER, *Rome, Ga.*

In the place mentioned the plants above named would no doubt succeed, and, also, most greenhouse plants, as well as Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocus, Narcissus, and many other bulbous plants. Bouvardias, some of the Begonias, Oxalis floribunda alba and O. floribunda rosea, Tea, Bourbon and Noisette Roses, Cyclamen, Stevia, and some of the more free-flowering Geraniums (Pelargoniums) would be especially suitable for the place. Some of the hardier foliage plants and Ferns would also succeed.

### BEDDING ROSES.

MR. EDITOR :—Will you tell me in the next MAGAZINE, the best kinds of ever-blooming Roses for bedding. We have, Safrano, Bougere, La Pactole, Triomphe de Luxembourg, and Pink Tea, and they are all so large that I think they will not suit for bedding ; they range in height from three to four and a half feet. Please name some of the best.—MRS. F. G. C., *Thornsbury, Va.*

It must not be supposed that any varieties of Roses will serve for bedding without pegging down the shoots ; and it is no objection to a Rose for bedding that it will grow to a height of three or four feet if left to assume its natural form ; vigor in a plant is one of the first conditions. The pegs used for fastening down the shoots should be from eight to twelve inches in length, and are quickly made by



taking small branches about half an inch in diameter, the trimmings of trees, and cut them to the proper length, divesting them of all side shoots, except leaving a little stub of one, as an arm or shoulder, at the upper end; this little arm extends over the Rose shoot as it lies on the ground and holds it to its place. The Roses named above are all good bedders, and besides these may be mentioned La France, Agrippina, Comtesse Riza du Parc, Madame de Vatry, General Tartas, Marie Guillot, Hermosa, Madam Lambert, Perle des Jardins, and Queen of the Bedders, as well as others.

### FARFUGIUM GRANDE.

MR. VICK:—Will you or some of your correspondents please tell me how to treat *Farfugium grande*, as to soil, location, heat, &c. Also, tell me of its native place. I should very much like to know all about this rather rare plant, and seldom see it in any catalogue.—M. G. D., *Kentville, N. S.*

This plant is a native of China. Almost any mixture, that would be considered a fair potting soil for ordinary house plants, is suitable for the *Farfugium*, as it is not particularly fastidious in this respect. It is best suited with a humid atmosphere, and when growing it likes a moist soil. The leaves of the form shown in the engraving are often as much as



eight inches in diameter, and are irregularly spotted with sulphur-yellow on a shining dark-green ground. The flowers are small, and yellow, of the composite style, and not at all showy. The beauty of the foliage is the attraction of the plant, and, as the leaves are evergreen, it is always a conspicuous and handsome object, either in the greenhouse or window, where it thrives in a moderate temperature.

**TRANSPLANTING ANNUALS.**—In transplanting Annuals be sure to give them room enough; well developed plants are far more beautiful than when crowded. Strong plants should be our first aim.

### QUESTIONS AND ADVICE.

MR. VICK:—I submit a few questions and would be thankful for an answer through the MAGAZINE.

1. My seeds, especially of Primrose and fine seeds, come up with the little black seed remaining on the top, so that I have to remove it with a pin, often destroying the plant. What is the Remedy?

2. Will Dahlias bloom the first year if seed comes up in February?

3. Should Iris seed be sown in the house or ground, and at what season of the year?

4. Will it hurt a Crape Myrtle to be pot bound, or should it have a very large pot?

Please say to the lady who said her *Hermosa* Rose would not bloom, that if she will put it in the ground I think the result will be all that can be desired. A one year old *Hermosa* bloomed for me all summer, and on the first of October there were seventy-two buds on it in all stages of development; of course, a great many froze.

It seems strange to me to hear about so much difficulty in making *Callas* bloom. In the land I came from (Chili) they are almost as profuse as weeds, though not a drop of rain falls for nine months of the year.—MRS. MCC., *Gardner, Kansas.*

1. No attention should be paid to the shell of the seed, nor the little plants interfered with in any manner; they will be vigorous enough to take care of themselves in that respect, or, if not, it will be labor lost in trying to rear such weaklings.

2. Very properly, with good care.

3. It is best to sow Iris seed early in the winter in the house, and transplant outside in the spring.

4. Plants of Crape Myrtle ought not to be shifted after they have commenced to set their flower-buds; they will take no harm if they fill the pots with roots after that time.

### PLANTS IN ILLINOIS.

MR. JAMES VICK:—Please inform me through your MAGAZINE as follows:

1. Will the Tree Pæony grow well and flower in this section of the country?

2. Should the *Amaryllis* Valotta and *A. Johnsonii* be kept always within doors, even during the hot summer months?

3. Will it do to set out the *Agapanthus*, *Tigridia*, and *Jacobean Lily* in the same bed with *Gladiolus* and *Tuberoses*?—I. P. C., *Green Valley, Ill.*

1. We should expect the Tree Pæony to be perfectly hardy in central Illinois.

2. The varieties of *Amaryllis* named can be taken outside as soon as the weather is settled and there is no longer danger of frosts; the pots can be plunged to their rims in the open border and left there until early in September.

3. Yes; there is no reason why they may not all be planted and treated in a similar manner.



## COMPANIONSHIP OF FLOWERS.

A young lady, Miss E. L. K., residing in a village in the central part of this State, writes, "I am a great lover of flowers and all things beautiful in nature, and wish I could see the flowers you cultivate. I am a deaf girl, having lost my hearing by scarlet fever when nearly six years of age, and mine being a lonely life can satisfy the cravings of nature by companionship with flowers and attention to their cultivation; but you must not think I am without friends, for I have many of them, you may be sure; still, I have a desire for something to love that I can call my own, and so have taken to the flowers, they are so beautiful to me. Hoping you will excuse me, I will send you some lines I composed one October day."

## THE BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

The flowers, the beautiful flowers!  
I love them, I love them for aye,  
I love them with dew drops o'erladen  
That sunbeams at morn kiss away.

I love them bestrewing life's pathway,  
While many a sweet, lingering thought  
Will wake in my bosom the passion  
For beauty with loveliness fraught.

Ye speak of the all-wise Creator,  
Who watcheth o'er all he hath made,  
And colors each beautiful flower  
That blossoms in sunshine and shade.

Ye speak of God's beautiful dwelling,  
A link 'twixt the earth and the sky,  
Where pleasures and joys are immortal,  
And no lovely blossom can die.

And while my thoughts heavenward turning  
Would linger mid beauty and worth,  
I think of the home of the angels,  
And loved ones gone thither from earth;

How, while they lay coldly enshrouded,  
Your beauty enlivened the gloom,  
And bade me look hopefully upward  
To heaven, bright Eden of bloom.

Like them, 'neath the sod ye are lying  
And blighted by winter so cold,  
We wait but the breath of the spring-time,  
Again your rich bloom to behold.

SYMPATHY.—Allow me to tender to Miss ANNA WOODRUFF, who had an article in the April number on Fussy Plants, my sympathies in her apparent distress over the plants, and would suggest that she should invest in a little stock of patience and perseverance, and I think her plants will do better if they get the proper soil to start with, and good drainage.—W. H. B., *New Haven, Ct.*

## COMPOST FOR VINE BORDER.

MR. VICK:—All the authorities I have been able to consult in relation to the best material for vine borders, recommend the use of the top sod of an old pasture field. I am unable to obtain this, but I have secured the sod of a marshy piece of ground composed of rank vegetable fibre with more or less of the peaty soil attached to it. I have consulted several gardeners in regard to this material, and although none of them can give any reasons against the use of it, they yet hesitate to recommend it. Would you kindly, in your June number, give me your views regarding it. Possibly, owing to the material being heavier than is usually recommended, it might be rectified by putting less of the stable manure in it, and mix some sand in it along with the usual bones, charcoal, &c.—P. M., *Quebec.*

It is always best to follow in the line of successful practice, except where experiment is made. If in the present case this cannot be done, then it will be well to proceed in another direction with care. Instead of making up a border of full permanent width, we would make it at present only four feet wide, using the best material at command. The marsh sod can be employed, mixing with it plenty of coarse sand and old, well-decayed stablemanure, and bones, and, if possible, some good super-phosphate. In this border, which is of course well drained, plant the young vines, and at the end of the season you will want no one's advice whether to extend the border of the same materials or not. The growth of the vines, whatever that may be, will testify to their value. The sod mixed with lime in a pile a few months will be available.

## INDIA-RUBBER TREE.

MR. VICK:—Will you please inform me in your next issue what is the matter with my Rubber tree. During the winter I kept the plant in the house and it seemed that the leaves came out all right, but this spring it just seems to keep alive, whereas it ought to thrive better than in the winter. All winter when new leaves came, the old ones would drop off. I very often took manure water and sprinkled it over my plants, but it did no good to the tree. The soil is good, black loam mixed with sand, same as I use for my Geraniums and other plants, and all do well.—H. W. H., *Chicago, Ill.*

The Ficus is probably not firmly potted. A very good plan would be to wash the soil from the roots and repot in good, fresh loam, using a little Moss, or other material for drainage, and a pot corresponding to the growth of roots, and being particular to press the soil firmly about the roots as it is placed in. In summer the Ficus flourishes bedded out, or it may be plunged to the rim of the pot in the open ground.

## GLISTENING WHITE STARS.

MR. JAMES VICK:—I send by to-day's mail a box containing some bulbs of a plant which I am particularly anxious to know about, and which will not be out of place to such a flower-lover as yourself, even among your beautiful flowers. Will you kindly let me know the botanical name of the plant, and any information about it will be gratifying. Excuse me if I trouble you too much. We were riding on horse-back in and out among the trees bordering a creek, about a month ago, when my escort, who was leading the way, dismounted and plucked a flower resembling a white Lily. He dug up the plant, and it is blooming beautifully side by side with one which was sent my mother, as a new flower, from a friend who purchased it from a florist in your State. Yes—



terday, May 5th, I rode to the spot again, and I only wish every lover of the beautiful could have seen the lovely carpet of these plants! Way down the green vistas, at the roots of fine old trees, the starry blossoms gleamed; and with the water view on one side and my white stars glistening on the other, the scene was fascinating. We have never seen them before, although I never tire in pursuit of wild flowers, and had been through this wood often. They seem only to grow at this one place, and the one stray blossom, which peeped out three weeks sooner than the rest, betrayed to me their hiding place.—BELLE R. H., Brandon, Va.

Beautiful indeed must be a group of plants in full bloom such as here described. The enthusiastic admiration of them is not surprising. The plant is the *Atamasco Lily*, or *Amaryllis Atamasco*.

It is an *Amaryllis*, not a *Lily*, and it is highly prized by all who cultivate it. The blooms are about three inches in length and two inches broad, standing about nine inches high from the ground at their extremities; clear white, suffused with a delicate pink except at the tips. The foliage is narrow and grass-like, bright green, and shining. The engraving herewith was made from the plant sent, which was received in very good condition, fresh and bright. It is a plant of easy culture, and, although not perfectly hardy here,

still, planted in a well-drained border, and protected with a covering of leaves, it would pass the winter unharmed in the open ground in most parts of the Middle States, and even some of the more northern. It can also be employed as a pot-plant, and, in fact, it is more disseminated for this purpose than any other. The bulbs can be potted at any time during late fall and winter, and brought along in the greenhouse, treating them similarly to *Hya-cinths*. This is the only species of *Amaryllis* mentioned in the floras of this country, most of those in cultivation being derived from the Cape of Good Hope and other parts of South Africa. Such plants should be considered floral and botanical treasures, and the places where they are found be jealously guarded and preserved from ruthless destroyers. Where nature provides plenty it is only right and proper that we should use and enjoy the bounty as we may please, but when it is known that a native plant is

growing in only one, locality, or a few in a wide tract of country, a spirit of protection should be encouraged to save the plants for the enjoyment of others. In Switzerland legislation has been necessary to save the *Edelweiss*, and in England similar protection, it is thought, will be necessary to save from extermination some of the native Ferns.

CELERY. — A family cannot easily have too much Celery. It will be used freely, and advantageously so, if provided in abundance. Make early plantings the latter part of June, and later ones in July.



## A YEAR'S EXPERIENCE.

MR. EDITOR:—This year I have been a pleased subscriber to your invaluable MAGAZINE, and can no longer read the good things therein without contributing my small quota. As an inexperienced young housekeeper I must tell you some of my successes as well as my doubts and trials. I have never had the care of plants until last summer and this winter. Sharing the universal longing for something green during our long, cold winters, I entered upon my plant world undeterred by the ominous shaking of older heads, and the general complaint that plants were "such a care." I can say that during my year's experimenting with them I have never found them a burdensome care, but, on the contrary, silent sources of peace, joy, and refreshment, elevating and refining in their influence.

I must inform everybody who takes any interest in the subject, about my brilliant success with *Tropæolum majus*. Last summer I had a few cuttings given me, and my trellis was one blaze of golden and scarlet glory all summer. Passers-by would stop and gaze at those tireless flowers; all the children in the neighborhood were provided with unnumbered bouquets from the vines. I was ill during the summer, and was compelled to neglect my flowers; in the meantime a long drought set in, but do you suppose those *Tropæolums* were daunted? No, they were not. They went right on, blazing just the same. Whenever they had water given to them they appeared jubilantly grateful, but if they had to go without it, why they made the best of it and, like Mark Tapley, were jolly under all circumstances.

Ill again in the fall, I wandered out on my little lawn after a blighting frost had made even a saucy *Zinnia* give up the ghost. Of course I mentally bade a long farewell to my dear *Tropæolums*. Yet I gathered a few cuttings, stuck them in some pots with hardly a shadow of hope that they would ever amount to anything, if they lived at all, and placed them in a sunny south bay-window. For a few weeks they made a brave struggle for existence, just a half-dozen pitiful little cuttings, when lo, and behold, they began to flourish like a green Bay tree, and soon enveloped my window with their soft, green foliage. Such blooms, too! a

repetition of their summer doings. They have fairly rollicked in their own luxuriance. From the street they made a brilliant spectacle. Everybody has been complimenting me, inquiring about my methods, and no one has been more astonished at their wonderful flowers than myself.

I would like to enquire of Mrs. M. B. B., Richmond, Ind., as to the virtue of the "coarse white thread" on the stalks of her winter-blooming *Geraniums*. I would like to try my novice hand a little further, and prepare some *Geraniums* for next winter's blooming. Mrs. M. B. B.'s directions were read with great interest by me. They are so practical and enter into details in a way to make an inexperienced plant-lover's heart beat with gratitude. Still, I wish even the article had been a little longer and a little more explicit. I would like to know the right way to nurse cuttings for next winter's blooming. Shall I bed or plunge them? Will not bedding make too straggling a growth? If plunging is preferable, do you shift from pot to pot, according to root growth.

I also would like to know the right way to prepare the *Petunia Countess of Ellesmere* for next winter's blooming. I confess I don't know the first thing about it, and yet I have set my heart on a *Countess of Ellesmere Petunia* all the same.

—IGNORAMUS.

## NURSING YOUNG PLANTS.

In regard to the inquiry of Ignoramus about the treatment of young plants, it may be said that irrespective of their mode of propagation, whether by cuttings or from seed, the shaping and training of the plants is to a great degree under control of the cultivator, and is not dependent upon the place where they are growing, supposing, of course, that they grow freely and without stunting. Young plants in pots as a rule make the best roots, and consequently grow faster when potted in small-sized pots, so that their roots can quickly reach the sides of the pots; as they fill the pots with roots they are then shifted into others a size or two larger. Many kinds of young plants, when grown from seed in the open ground can similarly be frequently transplanted with the advantage of making more numerous roots and branches; plants growing in beds, when transplanted receive a

slight check, and this appears to give dormant buds the ability to start. But the shaping of many kinds of plants is an easy matter, performed by pinching the soft growing points of those shoots that it is desired to shorten, or to produce side shoots. A little practice in pinching the ends of growing shoots and watching the results as the dormant buds start into growth, will make it evident how perfectly one may regulate the formation of branches and control the shape of his plants.

There can be no easier way to obtain Petunias for winter-blooming than by sowing the seed in July and August. With fair treatment the plants from seed sown the latter month would come into bloom in November. It would be best to sow seed in a cold-frame and prick out the little plants into small pots, and afterwards shift as they grow. As the weather becomes cooler in September the frames should be covered at night.

#### PROPER SOIL FOR POTS.

MR. VICK :—Perhaps nothing occasions more disappointments to those who are inexperienced in cultivating flowers, than a lack of judgment in preparing or selecting soil to fill their pots. I have seen plants growing in such close, stiff soil that, instead of wondering, as did their owners, why they did not grow more vigorously, I wondered that they could grow at all. I believe it is conceded that leaf-mold is for most plants the best soil to use, and no doubt it is, with some more substantial fertilizer in the bottom of the pot. It absorbs water readily, and thus the roots can be easily supplied with moisture. I mistrust any soil that will not allow water to sink through it quickly. If a good allowance of well-rotted stable-manure be placed in the bottom of a pot, and fine leaf-mold above it, I venture to say that any healthy plant placed in it will grow vigorously.

About a year ago I had some choice young plants to pot, and being exceedingly anxious to have them do well, decided to select the soil for the pots myself. I had often noticed and visited a picturesque pile of large rocks, overshadowed by Chestnut trees, a short distance from home, and thither I repaired, carrying with me a small shovel and rake—such as

are offered for sale by florists for the use of ladies and children—and vessels to receive the earth. I knew that many of the leaves in the fall drifted into the crevices between the rocks, and I conjectured that some well-rotted leaf-mold could be procured after raking away the top leaves. Having arrived at the spot, I began operations, and found that in some of the spaces the burrs of Chestnuts had gathered and rotted, making the very richest light soil I had ever seen. It was in color almost black, and, when wet, quite black. My little rake served me well, and when my boxes were carried home, I felt almost as one who has found hidden treasure. I have never had plants to succeed so finely as did those potted in that black mold. It seemed to be free from worms and insects.—E. B. H., *White Plains, Ga.*

#### GARDEN FLOWERS.

Lord BACON thus wrote about fragrant flowers in the garden : “ And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air, where it comes and goes like the warbling of music, than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air. Roses, damask and red, are fast flowers of their smells, so that one may walk by a whole row of them and find nothing of their sweetness; yea, though it be in a morning's dew. Bays, likewise, yield no smell, they grow; Rosemary, little; nor Sweet Marjoram; that which above all others yields the sweetest smell in the air is the Violet, especially the white double Violet, which comes twice a year, about the middle of April and about Bartholemew-tide; next to that is the Musk Rose; then the Strawberry leaves dying with a most excellent cordial smell; then the flower of the vines, it is a little dust like the dust of a bean which grows upon the cluster in the first coming forth; then Sweet Briar; then Wallflowers, which are very delightful to set under a parlor or lower chamber window; then Pinks and Gilliflowers, especially the matted Pink and Clove Gilliflower; then the flowers of the Lime tree; then the Honeysuckles, so they be somewhat afar off. Of Bean flowers I speak not because they are field flowers, but those which perfume the air most delightfully, not passed by as the rest, but



being trodden upon and crushed, are three, that is, Burnet, Wild Thyme and Water Mints, therefore you are to set whole alleys of them, to have the pleasure when you walk or tread."—V.

#### QUALITIES FOR AMATEURS.

The flower-lover who makes his or her first attempt in floriculture certainly needs enthusiasm. Enthusiasm smooths away difficulties or makes light of them, turns work into play, and builds many beautiful little "air castles," or, more properly, "air gardens," in this case. Yet enthusiasm alone will not make a successful flower-grower. The many disappointments arising from lack of judgment in selecting and planting seeds, from unfavorable seasons, and many times from lack of skill in cultivating, will act as a damper upon the most ardent enthusiast. Many who have made one or two failures thus express themselves, "Oh! I have no luck. I know I have planned and worked hard, yet my plants do nothing. I do not have the luck that my friends have."

But, if our amateur possesses the never over-rated qualities of patience and perseverance, success will come in time. At first one is apt to feel that a year or two is a long time to wait for a fine plant or choice bloom; but after a while one may even nurse a plant five or six years with loving patience, rejoicing the more when the perfect bloom, or plant of rare beauty of foliage or form, rewards the years of waiting. Then again, for the encouragement of amateurs who have been unsuccessful a few times, I will say, "Dear friends, if your enthusiasm is almost gone, try patience and perseverance, and when they gain their reward, (as old copy books say they always do,) enthusiasm will return, and all three will go hand in hand thereafter. Then you will have pleasure indeed in the fruit of your labors, and you will not think it luck either.—E. B. H., *White Plains, Ga.*

#### TRUTHFUL COLORED PLATES.

MR. JAMES VICK:—Last December I was ordering seeds and plants from you. I then wrote, that if you had seed of *Cineraria*, that under good treatment would produce as fine and large flowers as you show in "Group of *Cinerarias*," on plate of last September number of your *MAG-*

*AZINE*, to send me a package. You sent them by return of mail, and I planted them without delay, in good, light soil. They soon came up; when a week old, I potted in thumbs, and kept on shifting as fast as they grew, with the same light soil, until I got them in six inch pots. I then let them throw up the flowers. I make it a rule to smoke my greenhouses twice a week, and not wait to see green-fly in them, and by this rule these plants have not had, to my knowledge, even one fly on them. I have now (April,) two dozen plants that are in full bloom, and it is a joy to look at them. I once thought that *Cinerarias* could not be produced as large and fine as you show on your plate. I now find that they exceed it. A half dollar will not cover a single flower of some, and almost all the flowers are equal to it in size. I take delight in showing my plants to my friends, who all agree with me that they are lovely. I thank you for sending seed of such grand flowers. The *Aquilegias* sent with the seeds are in bloom also, and they look as fine as you show on the plate.—MRS. JAS. L. R., *Cincinnati, O.*

#### MATCHES AND WORMS.

MR. VICK:—Those little white worms have pestered me, too, but I tried the matches, and saved those of my *Verbenas* that the worms, and the soot which I tried as a remedy, had not already killed. And I tried soot on the earth in a white Day Lily pot, and, after giving it plenty of water, the worms, which were so small I could not discern them even with my spectacles on, unless they moved, would crawl up on the flakes of soot, and hatch out into the least little white millers I ever saw. I put some matches in the Lily pot, and in a few days the Lily began to look up; then I sprinkled sulphur plentifully on the earth, and now it thrives, and I have not seen a worm, or miller, since, and to-day it has six broad, rich leaves, and two more expanding.—MRS. I. M. R., *Maquoketa, Ill.*

SWEET CORN.—To have Sweet Corn in its best condition until frost there should be made successive plantings every week or ten days during this month, and even into July. Even Stowell's Evergreen is better in an early stage than later.

### KANSAS AND KANSANS.

A lady, writing from Kansas, says: "The inhabitants consist of people from every State and Territory in the Union, and from every nation in Europe. A striking feature of a Kansan is this, he is always dissatisfied with Kansas, the State from which he came beats her all hollow, and in three or four years he pulls up stakes and returns to his former home, which he finds not what he always thought it, so once more he returns to Kansas, never to leave it. Kansas is like a young pretty girl, very capricious in her moods; some seasons she is so sweet and kind, and showers fruits, flowers and corn on us, then again she is a very termagant, showing nothing but a fiery temper, and burning everything that was her mood last summer. The Vennor promises us a better time this year. Last summer very few of us had any flowers, the seeds were burned up." Mulching could, without doubt, be employed to much advantage in Kansas and similar regions.

### ENGLISH VEGETABLES.

In every spare nook near English provincial cities one sees allotment gardens; often large fields divided up by paths, grass lines or mere stakes, into lots of various sizes which are rented to mechanics and others who have no ground about their dwellings in the crowded streets. These are generally very carefully cultivated, rivalry and emulation having much to do as a stimulus. Yet they are outdone by the cottage gardens of the country, which are more sheltered from parching winds by hedges and buildings, and for which the pig-pen, the house and the roadways supply convenient manure, which is applied the more assiduously because the tenure is generally more constant. Besides this, there are, of course, market gardens, in which the culture is the very best, only choice productions being salable to the mostly wealthy customers, and great expense being involved in the forcing of vegetables out of their natural season.

The *Country* makes some rather surprising statements in a late number as to the scarcity of cheap and fresh vegetables at prices within the reach of poor dwellers in the very large cities. It appears that fruit, even foreign fruit, as oranges, is com-

paratively much cheaper. The poor cannot well go to the large and often distant market, where sales are mostly in quantity, and they are obliged to buy as they can, now and then, from middlemen, greengrocers and costermongers, who must put on fifty to a hundred per cent. of advance over market rates, while their stock is rarely fresh. But even in the market it is stated that a head of greens with a bare mouthful of eatable leaves is two to four cents; three small sticks of Rhubarb as much; one stick of Celery six cents, and a Cucumber six to nine cents—all taken in season. This seems strange when vegetables are so much a surer crop than fruit, and, on the whole, scarcely more perishable, and in a country where gardens are green all the year round, greenest, indeed, in the winter, when the rich looking and abundant Kale give them a very handsome appearance of copious food production.—A READER.

### NURSERYMEN AND SEEDSMEN.

The Seventh Annual Meeting of the American Association of Nurserymen, Florists and Seedsmen will be held in this city, commencing June 21st and continuing three days. Attendance is expected from all parts of the United States and Canada. The objects of the Association are, first, to afford the members an opportunity to cultivate personal acquaintance, and, second, the discussion of subjects of practical interest to the trade. All who feel interested in the work of the Association are invited to attend and participate in the proceedings. It is expected that an exhibition of Strawberries, Cherries, and Roses, with other flowers of the season will be held at the same time. Further particulars can be obtained by addressing either the President of the Association, W. C. BARRY, of this city, or the Secretary, D. W. SCOTT, of Galena, Ill.

A CORRESPONDENT.—The writer of "A Lesson in the Forest" in last month's issue, is Mrs. CATHARINE P. TRAIL, of Lakefield, Ontario, who, in this number, describes the Twin-flower. We are sure that our readers, especially the younger ones, will be pleased to avail themselves of the observations of one who has for many years studied nature carefully, and describes its scenes truthfully and vividly.



## GREEN CABBAGE-WORMS.

MR. VICK:—I saw an inquiry in the April number of the *MAGAZINE* for a remedy for Cabbage worms. Two years ago an old gardener recommended bran in a letter to your *MAGAZINE*, and we tried it, with perfect success. Lime and dust are very good.—*M. C., Carrollton, Ill.*

The bran remedy here mentioned consists in placing a small handful of bran on each plant. It is said that the worms devour it so greedily that they gorge themselves with it, and as it swells they are invariably ruptured beyond remedy of surgeon or nature. If so simple a practice should be as efficient as reported it should be widely known, for nothing can be easier to adopt.

EDITORIAL MISTAKES.—The blunders of editors, when writing of flowers, causes us constant annoyance and trouble, for scarcely a day passes but we have to write, correcting statements going the rounds of the press. A New York paper, in reporting a recent marriage, stated that "the chancel was decorated with groups of Palms and red and white Calla Lilies." As a result we have written to almost every State in the Union, about this mistake of the printer. A correspondent in Southern California, where Callas grow so luxuriantly, was bound to have a large plantation.

PROPAGATING COBÆA.—I find in your pages many things that interest me in the experience of amateurs. I have not seen it mentioned that the Cobæa scandens may be easily raised from slips or cuttings. Many of us do not find it so easily raised from seeds, at least I do not. I had three plants this winter from cuttings, and they were nicer and better than old ones removed from the garden. They blossomed all winter, not very freely, but they were beautiful, and climbed ten or fifteen feet, and are now thrifty.—*N. A. C., Oshkosh, Wis.*

PERENNIALS FROM SEED.—One can undertake, this month, raising herbaceous perennials from seed, nearly or quite as well as earlier; the ground being warm the seed will germinate quickly, if it is not allowed to dry after being sown. Sow the seed in shallow drills and cover with sand, and then place short clippings of grass over the ground to prevent its drying and baking. Water as necessary.

## THE SEED BUSINESS.

The surviving sons of Mr. VICK, who have all been trained to his business, will continue it as heretofore without interruption. The two older sons have already had many years experience in the business with their father, while the younger ones, though engaged in it for a shorter time, still have been familiar with it from their childhood. The oldest son, JAMES, has been a fellow-worker with his father from the earliest stage of the business, and much of the perfection of its organization is due to his correct business habits, his assiduity, and his attention to details.

## THE MAGAZINE.

The readers of the *MAGAZINE* may still hope to find the old spirit to pervade its pages, as its editorial management will be conducted by Mr. C. W. SEELYE, who has been Mr. VICK's associate in this work from the issue of the first number, and will henceforth endeavor to make it, as it has been, the garden magazine for the people. Our many correspondents will please accept our sincere thanks for their contributions, and they are again invited, as are all our readers, to make the *MAGAZINE* a medium for disseminating their best thoughts and ideas on all that pertains to horticulture directly or remotely. Gardening is a pursuit in which we may take increasing pleasure with its continuance; beautiful flowers, plants and grounds, delicious fruits and agreeable vegetables never cease to gratify us. We shall always have something to learn, and our experience can be given in these pages.

## A CARD.

In view of the sad event elsewhere announced, we, the undersigned, sons of JAMES VICK, would acquaint the many former friends and patrons of our revered father, and the public generally, that the business he has established will be continued by us in all its branches under the firm name of JAMES VICK. With the intention and determination that the business shall have all the careful management and be controlled by the same honorable principles that have heretofore distinguished it, we cordially solicit a continuance of the patronage it has so long enjoyed.

JAMES VICK,  
FRANK H. VICK,  
CHARLES H. VICK,  
E. COLESTON VICK.

## JAMES VICK.

Tuesday morning, May 16th, the sun shines brightly; it is a pleasant spring morning, and nature wears a lovely aspect. But our grounds appear deserted by workmen. Entering the seed-house all is quiet; the noise of the engine, with its regular beat as it is accustomed to throb its vivifying power through the long lines of machinery is, no longer heard; the printing presses are still, there is no click of type at the compositors' cases, no one is in attendance in the stock rooms; only a bookkeeper is seen in the office, a clerk in the mailing department, and one or two young ladies who will be engaged in the order room an hour or two attending to the more urgent demands. Why this unusual appearance? In the dwelling yonder lies, in the stillness of death, all that is mortal of Mr. Vick! His work is done. Quietly attentive to his ordinary duties he remained at his post until five days of his decease. On Thursday, the 11th instant, he vacated his place and remained in the house, supposing he was suffering from a cold that was more than ordinarily severe, and that he would be out again in a day or two at most. The disease progressing, and its effects weakening him, the next day he took to his bed, from which he never rose. On Saturday his physician, without informing him of the real nature of his attack, announced to the family that it was pneumonia, and that his case was critical. The progress of the disease thenceforward was without intermission until he passed away, at twenty minutes past seven this morning. He was conscious during the whole of his illness, but hopeful of his recovery until the last hours; then, realizing all, when informed that no help could be given him, he remarked: "The Lord's will be done." Except the difficulty in breathing, he had comparatively little pain until the last twelve hours, and this was greatly mitigated by the ministrations of his physicians. Last night, near midnight, he recognized all the members of his family and those of his immediate friends who were present, calling most of them by name. He was in the sixty-fourth year of his age, having been born in Novem-

ber, 1818. His birthplace was Chichester, near Portsmouth, England, but this has been his country from boyhood. Mr. Vick's life and habits have been so well known to most of our readers that we do not hesitate to place before them thus explicitly the particulars of his last hours.

He was a bright, cheerful Christian, not in name only, but by that sterling test, love for his fellow men. A desire to help others was always one of the governing motives of his actions. He was regarded by those in his employ more as a brother, or a father, than as in the ordinary relation of an employer; and whenever, in any department of the extended business, any difficulty or misunderstanding would arise, it was sure to be amicably and satisfactorily adjusted when referred directly to him; and to-day there are no more sincere mourners of his loss than those who have been longest in his service.

His cheerfulness, mirthfulness, and sociability, together with his genuine goodness, endeared him to a host of personal friends. The geniality and humanity of his soul was manifest as much in his business relations as elsewhere, and, if we may judge by the letters of his correspondents, those who knew him only through his publications felt the magic of his poetic temperament and goodness of heart, and came to regard him as a friend and faithful counselor rather than as a tradesman.

His life habits of untiring industry would not allow him to entertain any thoughts of rest, although for a long time it had been apparent to those about him that such was the absolute demand of nature, if his life was to continue long. Almost by force he was persuaded, last summer, to take a trip to Europe, but it was made in as short a time as possible, in order that he might return and take up his work afresh. The trip in a measure invigorated him, and he thought and acted as if he were ready for any task. All through the fall, winter and spring he has been at his desk with clock-work regularity, and when he last laid down his pen he was executing business improvements and projecting plans of future enterprises. The survivors of his imme-



diate family are a widow, three daughters, and four sons.

As all our readers are well aware, Mr. VICK was a genuine lover of flowers, and his business pursuit was the result of his horticultural tastes, and no doubt his success was in a great measure due to the fact that his heart was in it. His love of children was very strong, and influenced him constantly for their welfare. He was engaged in Sunday School work all his life, as teacher and superintendent, and it may be safely said that to-day thousands remember him in these relations. His home was his life, where he enjoyed the society of his family and friends, and here were found evidences of his love of plants and flowers, of music, painting, and pets. Our personal intimacy and familiar intercourse with him will be regarded as a life blessing.

#### A LETTER FROM AUNT MARJORIE.

As it has been customary for years for Mr. VICK to receive letters from persons whom he never saw, expressing a sense of personal acquaintance, we know that the beautiful letter below will represent the sentiments of very many, and that is sufficient excuse for the publication of what might otherwise be considered a private communication. Our gifted correspondent, "Aunt Marjorie," here voices the thoughts and feelings of thousands in all parts of the country who only knew him in business relations.

#### *To His Friends:*

After days of cloudy, dripping skies came a morning so bright that the world seemed all aglow, and pulsing nature jubilant with mankind, when the eye fell upon a paragraph holding a shadow that no sun-rays can ever penetrate, and which suddenly darkened a thousand homes.

And if a thousand, what of the *one*? and the immediate circle of homes about that one? O, what a blank is left when such a man as he suddenly lays down all, and steps over the boundary! But there are consolations. His life was well rounded up with years, and those years a benison to all within reach of his life-work; which was in itself a beneficence, already acknowledged as such.

As to such a man's future, what can it be, except just what he would most desire? Therefore she, who must miss him more than all, cannot fail to be comforted

with those words which never grow old with time, nor meaningless with repetition. "Be not troubled, neither be afraid; in my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you."

Many of us feel the personal interest of a near friend, tho' conscious of no rights to question or inquire beyond what all the world may know in due season. And this is but another proof of the place he held in the hearts of unknown friends, among whom the writer must claim to have been one. With sincerest sympathy, added to a sense of personal grief and loss, I remain most truly, M. M. B., *Richmond, Ind., May 18.*

The following stanza, by Mr. WILLIAM LYLE, and published in an evening journal in this city, is one of the many pleasant remembrances received by the family:

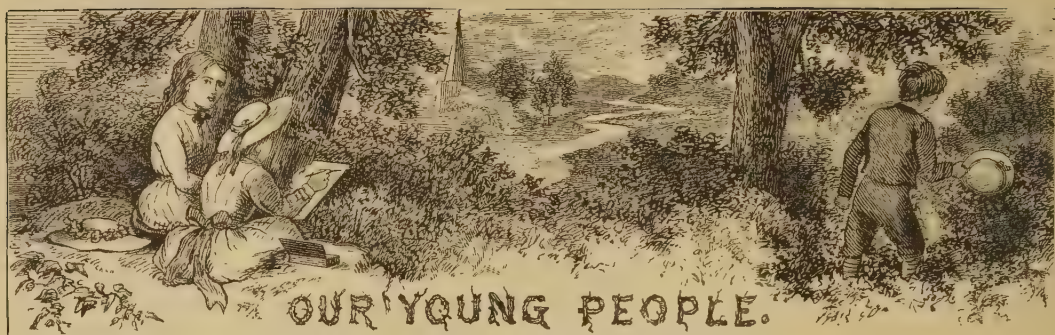
#### THE FLOWER-LOVER.

Suggested by the death of Mr. JAMES VICK.

Dead with the odor of flowers about him,  
Leaving a name even sweeter than those!  
Take comfort, ye hearts so lonely without him,  
Life must be well that hath peace at its close.

As soon as Mr. VICK's death was made known, a meeting of the seedsmen of this city was held, and resolutions passed appropriate to the sad event; among others it was decided that they close their respective places of business on the day of his burial and attend the funeral in a body. Our space will not admit the publication of the resolutions in full, nor of others by other societies and associations.

The funeral service was held on Friday afternoon, the 19th ult., at the First Methodist Church. The chancel and the organ were heavily draped in black, and the floral offerings were numerous and beautiful. The eulogy pronounced by Rev. Dr. STRATTON met hearty response and approval by all present. At its close, an opportunity being offered to see the familiar face the last time, the people in the aisles of the church, which were closely filled, passed through in procession, and these were followed by an immense throng of those who could not previously gain admission; after an hour's passage of the procession it was obliged to be stopped. This was the unspoken eulogy of the people. At the beautiful cemetery of Mount Hope, when the sun was low in the west, the burial service read, the casket was lowered into a flower-lined grave.



### TRUMPET-FLOWERS.

The Morning Glories—lovely flowers they—  
When gladly opening to the sun's first ray,  
Sound hymns of triumph, all in sweet accord,  
Heard only by the angels, "Praise the Lord!  
He who hath made the happy, golden day."

The Evening Glories—fragrant blooms of white—  
When from the tired earth departs the light,  
Sound hymns of thanks in just as sweet accord,  
Still angels only listening, "Praise the Lord!  
He who hath made the restful, silver night."

—MARGARET EYTINGE.

### DEATH ON A WINDING STAIR.

Once upon a time a hungry snail, that had fasted all day, was pondering at sunset about the young Pea vines in a neighboring garden. The mere thought of the tender, luscious leaves fairly made his mouth water; in fact, made him water all over—well, more than usual. Having no doors to lock or blinds to close—only his tooth-pick to look up—he soon started with his house on his back, and directly found himself on the garden walk, where he encountered a grand-daddy-long-legs, and accosted him with

"I'm feeling quite lonely to-night;  
Please travel this way while you're walking;  
And I'd deem it, sir, very polite  
If you'd grant me the cheer of your talking.  
Just shorten your steps, if you please,  
To help you keep pace with less trouble;  
I think you can do it with ease  
By bending your legs nearly double."

At this, Long-legs glared at the Snail, noted his fierce-looking horns, the strange hump on his back, and his dragging gait, and promptly answered—

"If I go I shall walk on my feet,  
Though they're tender with over-much service;  
But I'd act out the martyr complete  
Did I know that you surely deserve this.  
But how can you keep in the track?  
Or how can you manage to waddle,  
With that walloping thing on your back  
And never an eye in your noddle?  
If in the wide world you've a home,  
You'd better go to it this minute;

You seem so unfitted to roam,  
I'd be glad to help tumble you in it?"

Then the angry Snail thought to show Long-legs a thing or two, and drew itself entirely within its shell for a moment. Then screaming out through the front door it exclaimed: "You see now where my home is—I'm never away from it. Hope you'll be satisfied to let me go on in peace now."

And, sure enough, Long-legs saw that the Snail had a most perfect house; tho' without either mansard roof or gables; though, of course, he could not see that the inner part was mostly taken up by a grand spiral stairway, with no side apartment for a friend to be seated who might happen in. A very selfish house it was, to be sure.

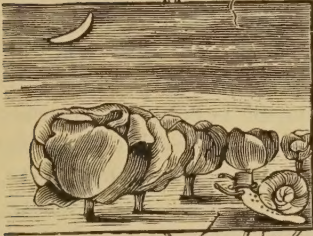
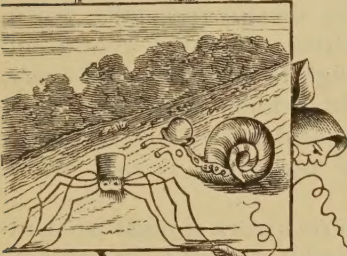
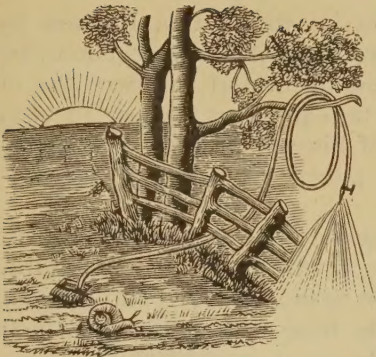
But the hungry Snail had to travel on, and remembering Long-legs' tender feet, it called out—

"Come on; I'll not step on your corns,  
For I've eyes, let me thank you, to see with;  
Though placed on the ends of my horns,  
They're as good as your legs are to flee with.  
Besides, you'd not catch me forlorn,  
If I found that my head I were losing,  
(Better still if 'twere only a horn)  
For they grow again ready for using.  
Then in winter I close up my door,  
And close it in very dry weather;  
So you see I've more comfort in store  
Than ever you knew altogether;

and if you don't believe it, go a little farther and see what a luscious supper I'm to have, which is just as nice for me as the fattest green-lice are for you."

By this time Long-legs was so insulted with the Snail's boasting, that it was a relief to know that he had his vinagrette with him, with which he was now determined to raise such a smudge as should nearly suffocate the poor Snail, and then leave, for it was nearly his bed time any way. So he retorted—





"I'm getting the cramp in my legs  
With your slow, poky method of travel;  
I wish you were furnished with pegs  
To help you get over the gravel,

for I'm sure the fatigue must be depressing; let me revive you with my smelling salts." And then he emitted such an odor that the Snail fainted quite away. It was an odor which every boy and girl remembers who has tampered with this long-legged creature.

When the Snail had revived, Grand-daddy-long-legs was no where to be seen. "This," meditated the Snail, "is what I get for choosing my company from a class that does not belong to our grade of society; a low class who live around like gipseys, with any sort of a leaf for a tent; and I, who live in castellated walls, was taunted with not having a home!" Then a piping voice called out from under a leaf,

"It's what you get for being so overbearing, and taking for granted that everything is to be as you wish."

Then the Snail curled its horns in a sneering way and plodded on toward its supper, which was now close at hand. But alas! what had been scattered around the vines to cause such stinging, burning torture? Every effort to make progress in that direction increased the trouble. Sore, and almost disabled, it managed before morning to get near some delicate Cabbage plants. But again, alas! for here was the same scourge repeated; and no longer able to withstand such suffering, the poor Snail retired quite to the upper steps of its winding stairs, and very soon after turned black and died. And thus its beautiful house proved to be its coffin, and the winding stair its shroud.

The next night there was a mournful gathering of the entire Snail community, which sang a doleful dirge, each verse of which alternated with this touching refrain:

"O, it's lime and ashes, it's ashes and lime,  
They prove the death of us every time;  
If we beat a retreat to the regions below,  
The rains send the potash as deep as we go.  
O, ye lime and ashes, ye ashes  
and lime,  
Ye prove the death of us every  
time,  
Not sparing the one that could  
warble in rhyme!"

Meanwhile, none of the Grand-daddy-long-legs could sleep a wink for laughing, but they swung their long legs about so joyously that a great number



of them were quite dislocated, and the owners had to be sent to Boneset hospital, which, by the way, had as many wards as it had leaves, and was as pleasant as roomy.

The gardener was so happy over the flourishing condition of his garden that he dreamed one night that he was peeping from behind a trellis and saw and heard all that is here related, and next morning could repeat it all to his little folks, and to "PROXY."

### THE TWIN FLOWERS.

Sweet plant that in the forests wild clothes the rude twisted roots of lofty Pine and feathery Hemlock with the flower-decked garland, evergreen! Thy modest drooping bells of fairy lightness wave softly to the passing breeze, diffusing fragrance.

The graceful little trailing plant, *Linnæa borealis*, is diffused through most countries in the temperate zone and even in the Arctic circle. In dreary Kamschatka and snowy Lapland, the young girls wreath their hair with its flexible garlands.

In inhospitable Labrador, its evergreen tresses cover the rocks and mossy roots of Pines and silvery Birches in lonely glades where foot of man has hardly ever trod. There it blossoms unseen in its beauty—just for itself and God—as a young American poet has said of the Violet.

Our twin flower is found in the Scottish Highlands and abundantly in the Norwegian forests. All through the Northern and Eastern States of America it is found in forest glens and rocky wooded islands, where it can obtain shade and moisture, and black leaf mold. In the backwoods of Canada, far away to the northward, we find our lovely little flower flinging its graceful trailing sprays over mossy ground and decaying timbers with its luxuriant vegetable robe, clothing unsightly objects with grace and sweetness. This flower was named for the great father of botany, the great and good Linnæus, who chose it as his own particular emblem, when he plucked it first in Bothnia. It was given him as his crest, and is, as such, borne on his family coat of arms. It is said that one of his early friends, aware of the great love that Linnæus had for the

flower, when he went on a mission to China, caused a set of fine porcelain to be manufactured, decorated with wreaths of the *Linnæa borealis* as a present to him, and mark of his affectionate esteem for one whose talents he honored and admired.

At the death of the celebrated botanist, Cardinal de Novilles erected a cenotaph in his garden to his memory, and planted at its base the little northern flower which now bears the great naturalist's name.

The blossoms are pale pink, delicately striped with a darker shade of rose color, softly-hairy within; tubular; the margin is divided into little sharp points; two blossoms on a thready foot-stalk, dividing at the summit, droop gracefully downward. The leaves are small, round and crenate, or slightly notched and hairy. The jointed branchlets throw out roots from the under side, thus increasing the growth of the plant with a mat of offshoots.

If planted in rockwork it must be shaded, and in moist black mould. It is lovely for baskets.—C. P. T., *Lakefield, Ont.*

### CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

Some of the young people may be pleased to be reminded that Cornell University at Ithaca, in this State, is a great and flourishing institution, and that it possesses many advantages for those wishing to obtain a liberal education. The student has the choice of seventeen courses of study, of which fourteen lead to degrees, viz.: Agriculture, (two,) mechanic arts, (two,) architecture, civil engineering, (two,) mathematics, chemistry, physics, natural history, medical preparatory, history and political science, arts, literature, philosophy, science, science and letters. Students in agriculture and "State Students" pay no tuition fee. Women are admitted to the University on the same terms as men, except that they must be seventeen years old. A separate building, the Sage College, has been erected and furnished for their residence. The entrance examinations and all the studies, except military science, are the same for women as for men.

THE BOYS' GARDEN.—The boys must be sure and keep the Melons well hoed early in the summer. It is not too late to plant Pop Corn for next winter.







